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THE QUEEN OF SPAIN IN THE YEAR OF HER HUSBAND'S SILVER JUBILEE: A NEW PORTRAIT.

Portraits of all the Spanish Royal Family are included in the exhibition which Mr. Philip de Laszlo, that famous painter of royalty and celebrity, is now holding in London, at the French Gallery. On their return to Madrid, the pictures of the King

and Queen of Spain will be placed permanently in the modern Art Gallery of that city, in commemoration of King Alfonso's Silver Jubilee. Mr. de Laszlo's portrait of him is reproduced, with others, on page 1031 of this number.

FROM THE PAINTING BY PHILIP A. DE LASZLO, M.V.O. BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT was an old objection to the Englishman abroad that he made himself too much at home. He was accused of treating a first-class foreign hotel as if it were only a fourth-class English hotel, and of brawling in it as if it were a bad variety of public-house. But there is one particular aspect of the old accusation which seems to me much more curious and puzzling than any other. It is that when the Englishman did blunder or bully, in demanding certain things merely because they were familiar, they were not really the things that had been familiar to him or to his fathers.

I can understand the Englishman asking for English things; the odd thing is that it was not for the most English things that he asked. Some of the most English things he had already lost in England and could hardly hope to find in Europe. Most of the things he did hope to find in Europe he had only recently found even in England. When he asked for a drink, he asked for a Scotch drink; he even submitted to the intolerable national humiliation of calling it Scotch. When he asked for a game, he asked for a Scotch game; he looked to see whole landscapes transformed by the game of golf, which he himself had played for hardly ten years. He did not go about looking for cricket, which he had played for six hundred years. And, just as he asked for Scotch links instead of cricket-fields and Scotch whisky instead of ale, so he expected a number of appliances and conveniences which were often much less English than American, and sometimes much less English than German. It would, perhaps, be pressing the argument fantastically far to say that even tea is originally a thing as Oriental as hashish. But certainly an Englishman demanding tea in all the cafés of the Continent was as unreasonable as a Chinaman demanding opium in all the public-houses of the Old Kent Road. He was at least comparable to a Frenchman roaring to have red wine included in his bill in a series of tea-shops in Tooting.

But I am not so much complaining of the old-fashioned Englishman who asked for something like the "five o'clock" which was recognised as English. I am rather complaining of a new-fashioned Englishman who would insist on American ice-cream sodas in the plains of Russia, while refusing tea because it was taken with lemon or served in a samovar. This bizarre contradiction and combination of the blind acceptance of some foreign things and the blind refusal of others, does seem to me a mystery to be added to what is perhaps the most mysterious national character in Christendom. That a man from Market Harborough should miss the oldest things in Old England when travelling in Lithuania, may be intelligible and pardonable enough. That a man from Market Harborough should miss the newest things in New York, and be seriously surprised not to find them among Lithuanian peasants, is even more extraordinary than that he should want them himself.

But there goes along with this English eccentricity an even more serious English error. The things of which England has most reason to be proud are the things which England has preserved out of the ancient culture of the Christian world, when all the rest of that world has neglected them. They are at once unique and universal triumphs and trophies of the national life. They are things that are English in the sense that the English have kept them, but human in the sense that all humanity ought to have

kept them. They are European in the sense of really belonging to the whole white civilisation; they are English in the sense of having been largely lost in Europe. And I have heard Englishmen boasting of all sorts of absurd things, from the possession of German blood to the possession of Jewish politicians; and I have never heard a single Englishman say a single word about a single one of these really English things.

One obvious case, for example, is that of having a fire, in the old Latin sense of a focus. The idea of the hearth is one to be found in ancient Roman culture, and therefore in all the European cultures that have come from it. The idea of the hearth is

place rather than another; and in this sense it is certain that it preponderates in England more than in any other country. Almost everywhere else the much more artificial and prosaic institution called the stove has become solidly established.

In every eternal and essential sense, there is simply no comparison between that open domestic altar, on which the visible flame dances and illuminates, and the mere material habit of shutting up heat in a big box. The comparison is as sharp as that between the wild but splendid pagan custom of burning a dead man on a tower of timber, so that he went up to the sky in a column of fire and cloud, and the paltry paganism of our own time, which is content with the thing called cremation. Similarly, there is about the stove all the essential utilitarian ugliness of the oven. There must always be something more magnificent about an open furnace, even from the standpoint of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. Theirs was, perhaps, a rather heroic form of affection for the fireside. But, in comparison, we can all feel that there is something cold and desolate about the condition of the unhappy foreigner, who cannot really hope to sit in the glow of a fireside except by the extreme experiment of setting his house on fire.

Now, I appeal to all those who have sung a hundred English songs, heard a hundred English speeches, read a hundred English books of more or less breezy or bombastic patriotism, to say whether they have ever seen the continuity of this Christian custom properly praised as a matter of pride among the English. And this strange gap in our glory seems to me another example of something that I noted recently in this place: the dangerous lack of an intensive national feeling in this country; and, above all, a much too supine surrender to other influences—from Germany, from Scotland, and, above all, from America.

I have taken only one domestic detail here, for the sake of clearness, but of course the principle could be extended to any number of larger examples of the same truth. The English inn, although a most Christian institution, was something more than an institution of Christendom. It was in its day a thing very specially English. I say it was, for I very much fear that capitalist monopoly and Prohibitionist madness have between them turned it into something historical. It may be that the public-house will soon be dead enough to become a glorious historical monument. But the point to be noted here is the comparison with other countries, which had similar institutions, yet never had exactly the same institution. We have spoilt the English inn, but at least we had it to spoil; and many national traditions, admirable in other ways, have had something much less admirable to spoil. In Europe, especially in outlying parts of Europe, we may see the latest modern machinery introduced without any of that intermediate type of comfort and convenience. The new American barbarism is applied direct to the oldest European barbarism. That interlude of moderate and mellow civilisation has never been known. Men of many countries, both new and old, could only see it by coming to England; and even then they might come too late. The English might have already destroyed the last glories of England. When I think of these things, I still stand astounded at the strange quality of my countrymen, at their arrogance, and especially at their modesty.



MOTHER-IN-LAW OF THE KING OF SPAIN, WHO HAS JUST KEPT HIS SILVER JUBILEE: PRINCESS BEATRICE—A NEW PORTRAIT BY PHILIP A. DE LASZLO, M.V.O.

Princess Beatrice, who is a daughter of Queen Victoria, sister of King Edward, and aunt of King George, was born at Buckingham Palace on April 14, 1857. She married at Osborne in July 1885 Prince Henry of Battenberg, who died in 1896. Their daughter, formerly known as Princess Ena, married the King of Spain in 1906. Mr. de Laszlo's new portrait of the Queen of Spain appears on our front page, and those of King Alfonso and three of their children on page 1031. All these portraits are included in the artist's present exhibition at the French Gallery in London.

From the Painting by Philip A. de Laszlo, M.V.O., in his Exhibition at the French Gallery. By Courtesy of the Artist. (Copyright Reserved.)

to be found everywhere; but the hearth is not to be found everywhere. It is now most easily and universally to be found in England. And it is a strange irony that the French poet or the Italian orator, full of the splendours of the great pagan past, naturally speaks of a man fighting for his hearth and his altar, when he himself in practice has as much neglected hearths as we have neglected altars. And the only man in Christendom who really retains a hearth is one who has, unfortunately, rather dropped out of the habit of fighting for it. I do not mean, of course, that there are not really firesides scattered everywhere throughout Europe, especially among the poor, who always retain the highest and proudest traditions of the past. I am talking of a matter of proportion, of the preponderating presence of the custom in one

KING ALFONSO'S "SILVER JUBILEE" PORTRAIT; AND THREE OF HIS CHILDREN.

FROM THE PAINTINGS BY PHILIP A. DE LASZLO, M.V.O., IN HIS EXHIBITION AT THE FRENCH GALLERY. BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



SPAIN'S POPULAR KING, WHO RECENTLY KEPT HIS "SILVER JUBILEE": ALFONSO XIII.—A COMMEMORATION PORTRAIT BY PHILIP DE LASZLO.



THE INFANTA BEATRICE: THE ELDER OF THE TWO DAUGHTERS OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN, BORN ON JUNE 22, 1909.



THE INFANTA MARIA CHRISTINA: THE YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN, BORN ON DECEMBER 12, 1911.

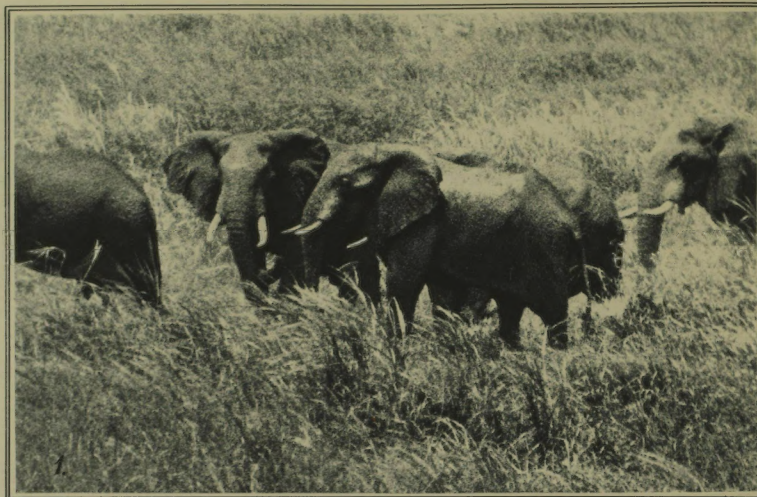


THE HEIR TO THE SPANISH THRONE: THE PRINCE OF THE ASTURIAS, KING ALFONSO'S ELDEST SON, BORN ON MAY 10, 1907.

On May 17 King Alfonso celebrated simultaneously his forty-first birthday and the twenty-fifth anniversary, or Silver Jubilee, of his official coming-of-age, at sixteen, in 1902. The event will also be commemorated by placing in the Madrid Gallery of Modern Art Mr. Philip de Laszlo's fine portraits of the King and Queen of Spain, reproduced above and on our front page. They are on view in his exhibition at the French Gallery, along with his portraits of the rest of the Spanish Royal Family, and that of the Marquis de Estella, which King Alfonso is giving to the Spanish Ministry of War.

WILD ELEPHANTS AT CLOSE QUARTERS IN THE AFRICAN BUSH: REMARKABLE FILM PHOTOGRAPHS BY A SWEDISH NOVELIST.

"THEY SAILED
PAST, HUGE
AND DARK,
AS BATTLESHIPS
OVER THE SEA."

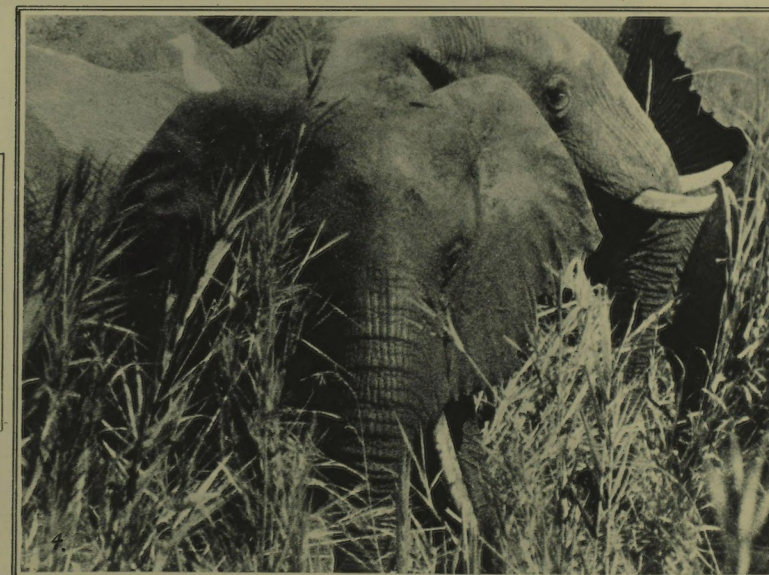


"THEY STAND
THERE LIKE
THE WALL OF
A FORT."



"THEIR RAISED
TRUNKS TOLD
THAT THEY HAD
GOT WIND OF
HUMANS."

"ONLY SOME
BLADES OF
ELEPHANT GRASS
WERE BETWEEN
US."



These remarkably fine photographs of wild elephants, taken at close quarters in their native haunts in the African bush, are the work of Mr. Bengt Berg, the well-known Swedish novelist, who makes expeditions on purpose to secure such extraordinary pictures of the wild animals that interest him. A note supplied with the photographs says: "On his last expedition to Africa Mr. Berg had the extreme luck, with his camera, to come up amongst many hundreds of elephants, and, instead of firing one shot at them, he managed to secure a film, to the accompaniment of which he has for some

weeks been lecturing at the Gloria Palace in Berlin, and has created a sensation among the public and in the papers on the Continent." By courtesy of Mr. Berg, we are able here to present our readers with the first selections that have been made from the magnificent pictures of this elephant film, which, it is hoped, will before long be shown also in this country. In accordance with Mr. Bengt Berg's particular request, we give the titles of the photographs exactly in his own words, without any additions or amplifications.

NOVELS FOR SUMMER READING.

THE books that are coming in for summer reading ought to please every kind of reader; they are nothing if not various. Collections of short stories are plentiful, and many of them have a notable quality.

"Peacocks" (Murray; 7s. 6d.), by Vennette Herron, stands out; no better stories by a new writer have appeared this year. It is a study of the reactions of women—white and brown—to the exotic enclosure of life in Java. Miss Herron has applied the rich material of the island, little known to English people, to her purpose. She uses the lure and menace of the steaming tropics to invest the stories with mystery—darkness in the hills, "a smothering, smouldering, down-turned bowl of starless night"; the peacocks of the title story, strutting down the single, zigzag street with their great tails spread against the sunset. The second story, "The Chinese Bed," is the finest in the collection; it is, indeed, as skilfully carved as a Chinese ivory.

"Flies" (Mills and Boon; 7s. 6d.), by Baroness von Hutten, plays round the odd fish, the people travellers meet by chance and are left guessing about. These tales disclose their dubious secrets. "Middle-Aged Woman Eating an Orange" is a glimpse of the after-life of a murderer who had been acquitted for sentimental reasons by a British jury. It is one of those revealing glimpses that the curious world so often sighs for in vain. "Flies" specialises genially in the lone woman and her queer adventures. Philip Gibbs's "Out of the Ruins" (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.) is a demonstration of his faculty for writing in a white heat of emotional energy. Sympathy for broken youth and futile gallantry vibrates through most of the "little novels," as they are called; but there is a leaven of lighter stuff. Sir Philip has been picking up the shattered pieces in post-war Europe, and the occupation is not, of course, conducive to a detached or moderate temper. These are stories from many countries; they will have a popular appeal. The American colour of "Mother Knows Best" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.) is bright and strong; the collection is by Edna Ferber, who has deserted the Mississippi; so mystically penetrating, that she drew upon for inspiration in "Show Boat." For sheer cleverness, and a mordant observation of American citizens, made or in the making, "Mother Knows Best" cannot be beaten. The day out of a Finnish servant in New York is a clear-cut little gem. All the stories are excellent, in technical finish as well as in human interest.

"People and Houses" (Cape; 7s. 6d.) is another American collection, impressions of a more primitive community. Ruth Suckow deals with the lives of men and women who live in the "deep quietude" of country places. She shows the poignant things affecting them; the forlorn ache of the child hired to help in a farmer's family; the weariness of middle-aged women; the struggle of renters who will never make good. The tone of her book is deliberately subdued, with a restraint that heightens its artistic effect.

The novel of New York by Felix Reisenberg, "East Side, West Side" (Cape; 7s. 6d.), has none of Miss Suckow's deliberation. It is an ambitious affair; but then New York is big enough to have a school of novelists of its own. The long arm of coincidence is pretty well stretched to lift John Breen across the gulf between the East Side Ghetto and the cultured circle of Gilbert Van Horn; melodrama, in fact, is not left out of his romantic history. Mr. Reisenberg is a little awkward with Josephine, the fine lady. But on the grey bosom of the Hudson and in Jewish Becka's haunts he moves with confidence. New York inspires and even intoxicates him: he is its passionate lover, and chiefly because of that passion he has written a remarkable book.

More convincing as a life-story, because more soberly balanced, is Osbert Lumley's London book, "The Silver Taint" (Richards; 7s. 6d.), which is written round the strange reluctance of mankind to perceive that leopards do not change their spots. Vulgar little girls of the Silver type remain vulgar even when they achieve a Bayswater marriage. Better the "getting off" with a fellow after the tea-shop closes than the respectable boredom of Bernard. (Bernard is a dull fellow to live with, by the way). Bernard's mother has her part in the disaster; these fortuitous matings happen every day, and every mother lives in dread of them. "The Silver Taint" is a very good novel. So is the slim volume of "The

writers in the happy creation of books that cannot fail to be enjoyed. They are summer reading for a real summer, if we are lucky enough to get one. Not a petal in the flower show has dropped unseen by Mr. Mackail, and his cheerful wit (with a more serious study of the small tragic frustrations inseparable even from flower-show people) carries the day through triumphantly. The action begins and ends in the night-nursery of John, for whose portrait, if for no other reason, "The Flower Show" should be read. As for Miss Webling, how she manages, with so many books to her credit, to continue their quaint surprises is a marvel. She is an adept at walking down an unfashionable street and opening a door into an obscure but fascinating interior. Her people are often humble, but they are never for a moment dull, and in "Anna Maria" the modest comedy (or is it really a morality?) plays itself out with a delightful freshness.

"Death is a black camel that knocks at every man's door," says the Arabic proverb in "The Black Camel" (Parsons; 7s. 6d.). Thora Stowell appears to be a new writer. Her knowledge of Upper Egypt is vividly used, and the European girl who is discovered wrestling with the poor little Egyptian mothers and their babies, is an attractive character. The nerve-strain of the dispensary work is followed by some thrilling participations in dangers brewed by political unrest. The plot has been carefully thought out, and Miss Stowell has achieved a sound as well as a picturesque novel. Esmé Wingfield-Stratford gives the impression of having dashed off "Until It Doth Run Over" (Duckworth; 7s. 6d.) in a fine frenzy. The fun is farcical, which, to be sure, may fit holiday reading very well, if it is not necessary to believe in the old lady who read the Thirty-Nine Articles at family prayers. There is a serious purpose, but it can hardly be taken seriously. Nor can the young American wife in "Undelivered Letters" (Hurst and Blackett; 7s. 6d.) be accepted at Cosmo Hamilton's valuation. She had married one of those strong, silent Englishmen who permit misunderstandings to accumulate until the last chapter, and by her letters she was clever enough to have cleared them up at any moment. But then the delectable reconciliation, and Mr. Hamilton's fanciful pictures of English and American celebrities, would have remained unborn.

Except that the odiousness of the newly rich is too gross, "The Rowforest Plot" (Constable; 7s. 6d.) is a pleasant novel of the passing of the English manor, and A. R. Weekes handles the conflict between the old order and the new with an effective sense of drama. There is a similar regret for lost causes in "These Things" (Fisher Unwin—Benn; 7s. 6d.), which is Irish romance by Annie Smithson. The Dublin lodgings, where the young McGarry Mor survived the flies, the dirt, and the calamitous cooking, but succumbed to the landlady's daughter, are not less true to life than the decaying castle of gallant old Madam McGarry. "Fairhood" (Stanley Paul; 7s. 6d.), by Clare Scarlett, opens with promise, but something in the author's motive has not been made clear, and her story wavers. Charles Barry's "The Witness at the Window" (Methuen; 3s. 6d.) is a yarn to be told to the Garden Cities. They will be

thrilled to find Mr. Barry has planted sensational murder among them.

It is fitting to end with "To the Lighthouse," by Virginia Woolf. (Hogarth Press; 7s. 6d.) The Ramsay family and their circle are holiday-making in the far north. The beam from the lighthouse—the lighthouse that looks now so near, and now so remote—flashes across a misty Scottish sea; it has its symbolism. Mrs. Ramsay, wife of the metaphysician, saw life as something real, and private, that she shared neither with husband nor children. And Miss Woolf's philosophy, the fruit of a brooding genius, is not always shared with the plain reader.



"WHEN CRUMMLES PLAYED—," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH: THE ARREST OF MRS. MILLWOOD, IN "GEORGE BARNWELL."

"When Crummles Played—" presents not only the immortal Crummles Company, but that company in the tragedy "George Barnwell." In the centre of this photograph are Mr. Richard Goolden as Master P. Crummles as Frederic Trueman, and Miss Miriam Lewes as Mrs. Vincent Crummles as Mrs. Millwood. On the right are Mr. Wilfred Shine as Vincent Crummles as Thorowgood, and Miss Nadine March as Miss Snellicci as Lucy.—[Photograph by Lenare.]



"WHEN CRUMMLES PLAYED—," AT THE LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH: THE EXECUTION OF GEORGE BARNWELL AND MRS. MILLWOOD, IN "GEORGE BARNWELL."

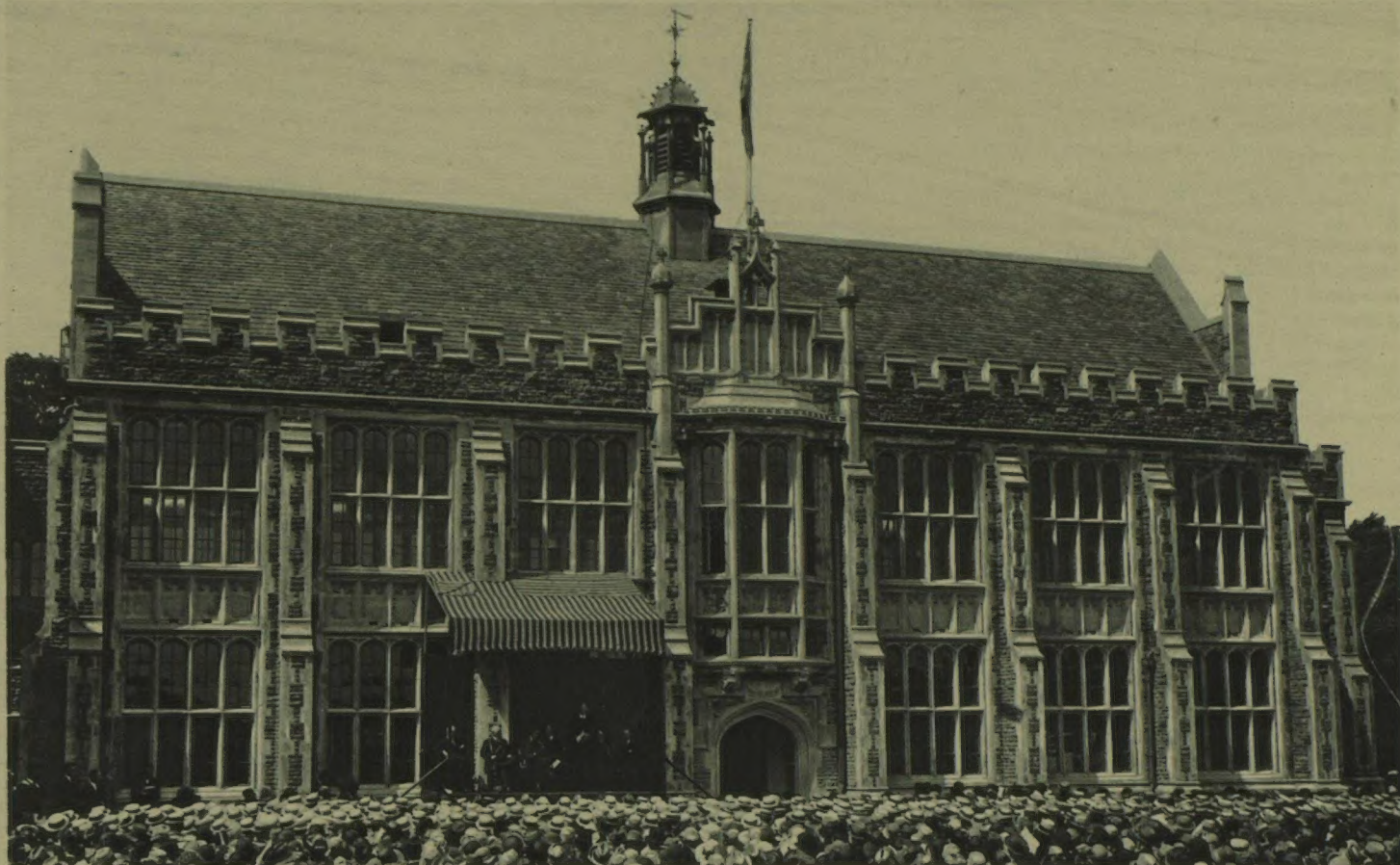
In the centre are Mr. Ernest Thesiger as Master Crummles as George Barnwell, and Miss Miriam Lewes as Mrs. Vincent Crummles as Mrs. Millwood.—[Photograph by Lenare.]

Love Child" (Secker; 6s.), where Edith Olivier gives life and shape to Clarissa out of the day-dreaming of Agatha Bodendam. Clarissa is not a spirit returned; she is scientifically explained by the principle of attraction, "whereby the minute particles of matter tend towards each other." The body of Agatha, empowered by her wish for a playmate, attracted the minute particles that became the visible and tangible Clarissa. It is eerily ingenious, a good idea neatly worked out.

"The Flower Show" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), by Denis Mackail, and "Anna Maria" (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.), by Peggy Webling, show two favourite

THE PRINCE AT CLIFTON: AN OCCASION DEVOTED TO THE BOYS.

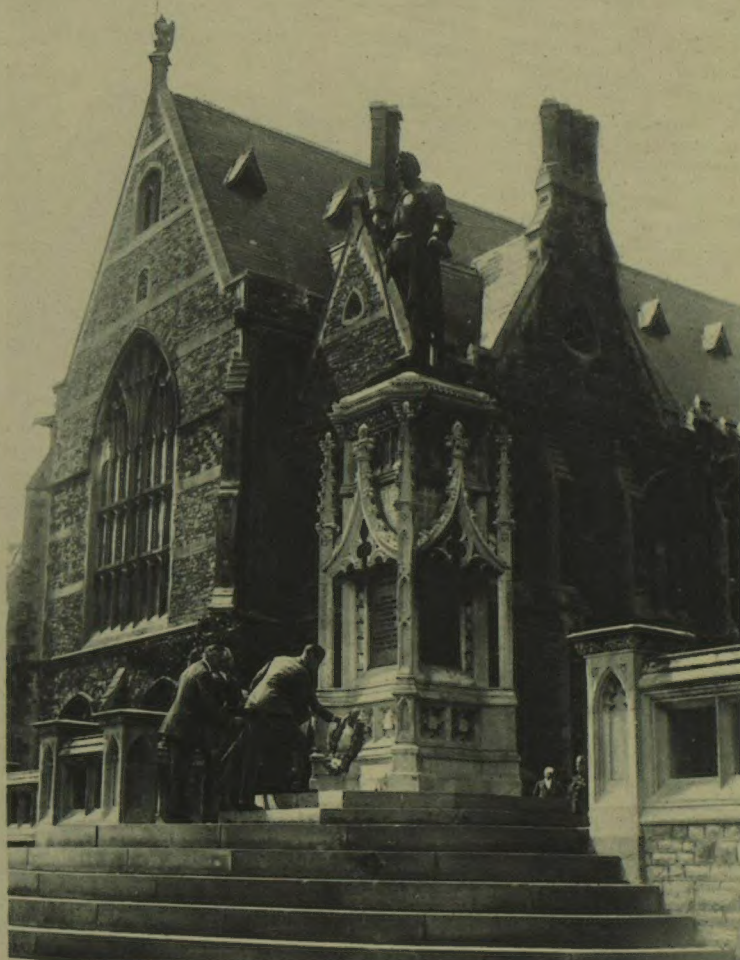
THE OPENING OF
THE NEW SCIENCE
BUILDING AT CLIFTON
COLLEGE BY THE
PRINCE OF WALES:
A GENERAL VIEW
OF THE
PROCEEDINGS,
SHOWING THE
PRINCE SEATED ON
THE PLATFORM
(THIRD FROM LEFT)
IN THE
BACKGROUND,
AND THE BOYS
FORMING THE FRONT
RANKS OF THE
SPECTATORS.



A RACE FOR ANOTHER SIGHT OF THE PRINCE: ENTHUSIASTIC CLIFTON BOYS CHARGING ACROSS THE PLAYING FIELDS AFTER CHEERING HIM AS HE DROVE UP TO THE SCHOOL GATE.



THE PRINCE AND EARL HAIG, FOLLOWED BY THE SPEAKER, THE LORD MAYOR OF BRISTOL, SIR HERBERT WARREN, AND THE HEADMASTER, PASSING BETWEEN LINES OF BOYS NEAR THE WAR MEMORIAL GATEWAY (IN BACKGROUND).



ACCOMPANIED BY EARL HAIG (TO LEFT), AN OLD CLIFTONIAN AND PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE: THE PRINCE OF WALES LAYING A WREATH ON THE SCHOOL'S SOUTH AFRICAN WAR MEMORIAL.

When the Prince of Wales visited Clifton College, Bristol, on June 2, to open the new Science building, the boys were given a prominent part in the proceedings. They lined the long railings of the close and cheered as he drove slowly along College Road in an open car with the Lord Mayor of Bristol. The seventy School House boys, with whom he afterwards lunched (the House Master being the only other grown-up present) stood on one side of the terrace, and juniors on the other, as he came in. Meanwhile the boys from the other houses charged across the close for another sight of him as he walked towards School House. At

the War Memorial gateway, where he laid a wreath, he was met by Earl Haig (President of the School), Sir Herbert Warren (Chairman), and Mr. N. Whatley, the Headmaster. The Speaker, Mr. J. H. Whitley, M.P., who had collected funds for the Science building, was on the platform at the opening ceremony. The Prince made one of his felicitous speeches, and got the boys an extra holiday. Afterwards he was shown over the other buildings, and inaugurated the new squash racket courts by playing six games with the school's best player, J. H. Walters, who won by 5 to 1. The Prince had tea before returning to London.

ROBERT SITWELL ON AMERICA.—III.

AMERICA is at once the most logical and the most unexpected country in the world, and New York typifies this contradiction in its very outlines. Laid out regularly, as though, like Turin, it was built on the site and plan of a Roman camp—though without that city's pleasant open spaces—everything about it was supposed to have been planned and foreseen, with the most unexpected results. For, whereas other cities are bewildering on the ground, New York, instead, proceeds to bewilder in the air. It has broken every law known to architecture, and has yet achieved a superb, a supreme quality of beauty, for it only recognises as its laws the laws of necessity. In the course of its strange development, it has invented for itself a new perspective, a vista that is vertical instead of horizontal. The eye is constantly being drawn up to the labyrinths, terraces, colonnades, and clustered turrets that prosper in the New York upper air, bathed in the blue and gold of its atmosphere.

The sky-line is a constant delight and holds the attention of the walker down below. Such a change of perspective must in the end produce an effect on the mentality of the dweller in such a city; but it is too early as yet to foretell what result this perpetual "rubberneck" attitude will have on the citizens of New York. But to the stranger New York offers its new traps: for, whereas it is almost impossible for him to lose his way on the ground in such a logically developed city, it is also almost impossible for him to find it up in the air, through the echoing corridors, and in and out of the lifts that climb more quickly than that fabulous Beanstalk which enabled Jack to deal with the Giant.

It is worth while to notice here that the very reasons which make skyscrapers so beautiful in New York would render them hideous and pointless in London, which, by its nature, must always develop as a "creeper" of a city, rather than as a "climber."

How disastrously ugly would look black and golden towers, like the "Radiator Tower," lost in the various dark expressions of the English climate, from sleet through rain to fog!

In certain circles it is very much the thing to deplore the passing of "Old New York," and to pretend for it a certain quality of elegance; but no foreigner who has seen the few low, grimy, over-decorated, red-granite horrors of houses, breaking into pullulations of cast-iron railings and outside staircases, which are still left standing, will be able to share this regret. Such an architecture was in itself hideous, and totally unfitted for the framing-in of the life of New York; for the modern, vital, rather lawless architecture of New York frames in very suitably the hurried and intense life of the city; and New York is the gateway to a country where motor-

bandits and murders are becoming the rule rather than the exception, and where the law is broken with an impunity undreamt of as yet in England. In this vast, minotaurian palace of a city, there are innumerable mysteries. There are, for example, the secret drinking places, the "speak-easies," as they are called. You go down area steps, a panel slides back in the door, a face peers through an iron grill, a mystic pass-word is murmured, and suddenly you are in a huge bare house, full of noisy voices, where hundreds of people are drinking raw spirits with an extraordinary zest. The whole place is scented with gin, made of pure alcohol with a "gin-flavouring"; and there is much whisky, the favourite and most reliable of American drinks.

Brandy is rarer. Wine can still be obtained at certain restaurants, the bottle huddled in a newspaper: though a bottle of white wine which would cost two shillings in England now costs fourteen dollars in New York. Prohibition has certainly put such things out of reach of the poor.

Then there is Harlem, the black suburb of New York, with its own night life, its own black theatres and cabarets, its black taxi-drivers and black, very polite and clever, policemen. I attended the first night of a negro-revue there. The audience was certainly more interesting and picturesque than a first-night audience in London. The theatre was packed, and every shade from pale green to dark coffee and deep black was represented in it. Many

after my walking-stick for me, he suddenly said, noticing, I suppose, my "English accent," in a beautiful deep voice, "Excuse me, Sir, but you're English, too, aren't you?" He came from British Honduras.

Not my least interesting experience, though a rare one, of New York life was that occasion upon which I was privileged to be present at a "coming-out" ball for some young coloured ladies, given at her mansion in Harlem by a rich and respected negro lady, whose father had made a considerable fortune. The scene was extremely picturesque. We met together in a Second Empire "tent-room," and here all the introductions took place. The degree of ceremony was considerable, the politeness exquisite, for the negroes have naturally good manners, as they have fine voices. After we had been introduced—though there were only four "whites" present, this took a considerable time—the guests went down to the ball-room and dancing began. The courtesy and punctiliousness of the whole celebration were reminiscent more of Versailles in its grand days than of New York. But towards four o'clock in the morning, when the hostess danced the new dance, the "Black Bottom," the scene became more abandoned; the dancing, of course, was perfection.

At this ball one young dusky debutante who was dancing with a friend of mine rather embarrassed him by suddenly asking him, "Are you High-Class?" After thinking it over, he thought perhaps it was better to say that he was. After this admission, the young lady seemed relieved and added, "Well, that's all right. You see, we're all 'tip-top' here; and, though I have no colour-prejudice, I do think the classes ought not to mingle."

The more cultured section of the coloured population of New York have a very definite attitude towards American civilisation. They regard their white fellow citizens as entirely devoted to Mammon, and themselves as the Italians of the New World, who already supply, and will do so in the future to a far greater degree, the life, the colour, the poetry, the music, and the acting to their continent. There are already several notable negro poets, singers, and actors, and no doubt in a generation they will develop equally talented painters and sculptors. Sculpture, of course, is their traditional art, but the educated American negro has only found this out lately. He now eagerly collects African sculptures, and buys any books on the subject which he can find. The rich negro lady, whose party I attended, was sending out books on negro sculpture by French and German savants as Christmas presents to her friends.

For this rich and varied life of New York, for its odd colonies of negroes and Chinese, its theatres packed with people full of vitality—theatres, too, in which the interpretation of the slightest part is intelligently undertaken—and its dance-halls, where the dancing is better than any to be seen in the world, the modern city offers a suitable architectural expression.

Yet, of all modern achievements in the world of art, New York is at once the most satisfying and the most disappointing. So perfect is it from the angle of the modern draughtsman that it must appear to him hopeless to try to draw houses in this city, as he might draw houses in London, Venice, or Naples; for these palaces are so much in the line of the day that the contemporary artist can give nothing to them and take nothing from. It is, however, a perfect city for photography; and

(Continued on page 1070.)



TELEPHONE ENTERPRISE IN NEW YORK: A SITE IN THE BRONX DISTRICT, AS IT WAS IN 1925 (UNDER TILLAGE), JUST BEFORE ITS TRANSFORMATION—SHOWING TELEPHONE WIRES (IN BACKGROUND) INSTALLED IN ADVANCE.



THE SAME SITE AND THE SAME TELEPHONE WIRES (AS IN THE OTHER PHOTOGRAPH) IN 1926: THE AVENUE GERARD, A COMPLETE NEW STREET BUILT RAPIDLY IN THE BRONX QUARTER OF NEW YORK.

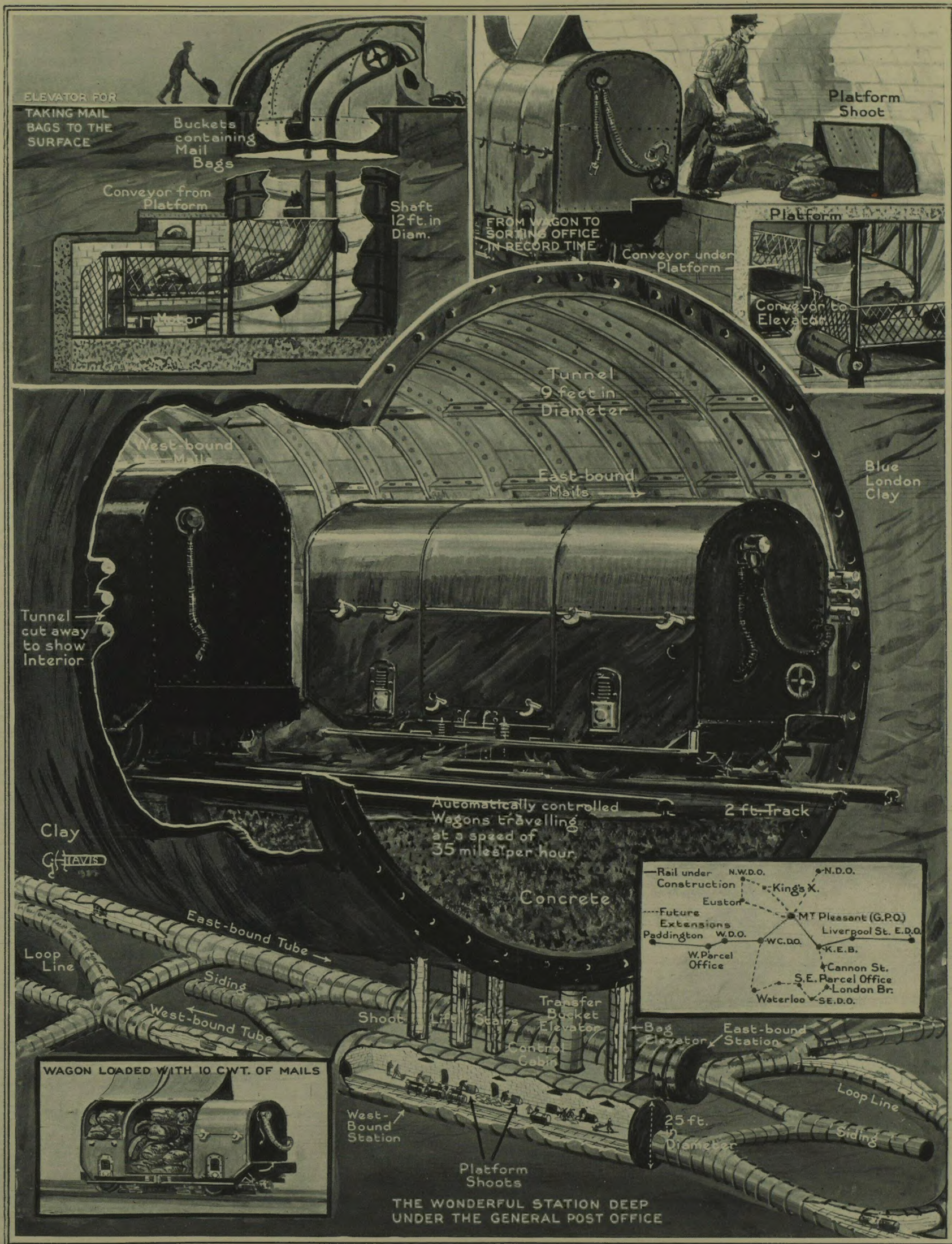
Describing the enterprising methods of the New York Telephone Company, which watches the growth of new districts and provides installations in advance, a French writer says: "These photographs afford a striking example. The company did not wait for the development of the Bronx district, which in 1925 was still open to cultivation, to instal its lines, which reappeared a year later, along a complete new avenue. A year had sufficed to create a modern quarter—sixty days is the estimated time for putting up such buildings—and in this short period the whole telephone organisation was arranged."

Copyright Photographs by the New York Telephone Co.

of the women were extremely good-looking in an exotic though healthy way, and had, of course, blossomed out for the occasion into an extraordinary radiance of bright colours. The men, too, favoured gaiety in their costumes, and many were wearing purple-plush felt hats, with bright blue ribbons round them. No one who has not heard the laughter of a theatre full of negroes can imagine what a beautiful, gurgling sound laughter can be; and all negroes are blessed with beautiful, deep-speaking voices. Of this they are proud, and also of their freedom from an American accent. The feeling of Englishmen over this must also be strong, for one day when I visited the "Spanish Museum" in New York, and asked the negro attendant to look

TRAINS WITHOUT DRIVERS: THE G.P.O.'S NEW TUBE FOR MAILS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS. (COPYRIGHTED.)



THE NEW POST OFFICE TUBE BETWEEN PADDINGTON AND WHITECHAPEL: A 6½-MILE RAILWAY FOR MAIL-BAGS ONLY, BUILT AT A COST OF £1,500,000, AND LIKELY TO BE USED THIS SUMMER.

The new tube railway built by the Post Office, at a cost of £1,500,000, solely for the conveyance of mail-bags, is likely, it is reported, to be ready for use this summer. The trains, which travel at thirty-five miles an hour, run without drivers, being controlled by operators in cabins, who regulate their speed by means of illuminated diagrams. The line is six-and-a-half miles long, and runs between the District Post Office at Paddington and the Eastern District Post Office at Whitechapel. There are intermediate stations at the General

Post Office and Liverpool Street, and the proposed extensions include Euston, King's Cross, Cannon Street, and Waterloo. At the stations are the control-cabins, lifts, and conveyors. The tunnel is 80 ft. below ground, and 9 ft. wide. There are ninety cars, which are 13 ft. long by 5 ft. high, and by running three-car trains it will be possible to carry forty-five tons of mails an hour each way. The work was begun in 1913, but ceased during the war, and has since been delayed by the high cost of material and last year's coal strike.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

THE REHEARSAL HOUSE.—TITTERING YOUTH.

I HOLD the golden key of a thought and I offer it to one of our young readers, to build a lock to match it. We have in London's World of the Theatre all sorts of wonderful institutions, from theatres, great and little, to academies and actors' clubs. But one thing we have not—and it is sorely needed—a Rehearsal House.

The conditions under which the many professional companies and societies rehearse in the centre of London are peculiar, pitiful, bordering on the ridiculous. When our theatres are not occupied by their own business, they are overwhelmed by the touring companies rehearsing a London success for the provinces. There are far too few to cope with the demand, so all the Sunday Societies and kindred incidental institutions have to beat about the bush to find a place where to "break-in" the play. There are a few halls in theatreland; there are some buildings and clubs, let out by the hour at exorbitant prices (places totally unequipped for a proper rehearsal); often the artistic wanderers have to resort to a chapel, not infrequently to a room somewhere above a "pub." There, *tant bien que mal*, the producer is to build up the picture that is to plasticise the play until, with luck, he can find, on the eve of the performance, for a few hours, the stage for a dress-rehearsal. And even then the time is so limited that the whole business is mere "scratch," as the theatrical parlance has it, and the onlookers wonder how, what with incomplete setting of scenery and with the strangeness of the actors to the surroundings, the first night can arise from chaos. Of course, actors are confirmed optimists, and the most higgledy-piggledy rehearsal is condoned by the fetish of hope: "it will be all right on the night"—and, miracle of miracles, it mostly is!

But the conditions of rehearsals are so unpropitious, so casual, so depressing to the artistic mind, that to describe them as miserable is no exaggeration. Besides, they must, of necessity, reflect on the work. The outsider who witnesses the first night may not observe it; the expert does. He knows that halting and "fluffiness," not infrequent at performances of *théâtres à côté*, are not the actors' fault, but caused

suddenly called upon to move about among real furniture and "props," after weeks of disportment in uninspiring, inadequate surroundings? The whole system, if system it can be called, is impossible, inartistic, and cries out for remedy.

And the cure lies near, if but an enterprising mind will take it seriously in hand. All he has to do is to look out in theatreland for a house of, say, twenty rooms, and to convert it into a Rehearsal House. It is a question of little outlay to obtain great results. He should equip his rooms with the ordinary necessary furniture for rehearsal. If there is room to build little stages, well and good, but that is not imperative. Any fair-sized room containing a few tables, chairs, small settees, some "props" serving for any purpose, will suffice. The principal requirements are space and time. That it would prove a splendid investment, and a godsend to the producers as well as the actors, is

twenty rooms would be occupied for at least 300 days a year, and, to be on the safe side, for not more than three hours per day: the annual yield would

be, at 2s. per hour, £1800 per annum—50 per cent. profit! And, mind you, this estimate is calculated to defeat the pessimist. It is more than likely that the rooms will be let for six (and more) hours a day, morning, afternoon, and night. Why, it means Golconda!—to say nothing of a boon and a blessing to the profession. Nor can I understand that no one ere this has discovered this golden key wherewith to open the treasure-house of a secure and comfortable income.

It is again and again forced upon me, as I sit in the theatre, that the young folks of to-day have lost the power to feel intensely. If you keep an eye on their responses to the emotional appeals of the play, then must you remark how coldly and dispassionately they receive them. Is it that the cynical temper of modern comedy has infected them, so that any song of words falls on deaf ears and callous

hearts? Is romance dead, that they can only respond to a lyrical love-making with a titter? There have been moments—rare indeed to-day, but not so rare that they do not happen—when the mood has been created and the players, in a fine sincerity, have created a moving scene; and sure enough the giggle and the titter have come jangling like discords in a sweet harmony. At once the magic is destroyed; the players themselves react to the cold douche of unsympathetic comment; the audience, filled with swift remonstrance, angrily protests with looks and sharp cries of "Hush"; and, because of that tittering madness, the work of the author is laid in ruins.

The excitement of emotional aspiration, the joy of emotional release, is not rare without a cause. Youth to-day is intolerant of the themes which inspired the poets to sound their trumpets and set the wild echoes flying. It sees life as a débris of illusions. If it must escape, it is through the cross-word puzzle, the energetic, unromantic jazz, or the hectic fevers of the detective play where the Pelion of suspicion is piled on the Ossa of discovery. The grievous facts which surround them have made short work of dreams. In their literature, love is for ever in the laboratory, and their religion finds its spiritual home in Vienna. In a patent-leather comedy there are no deeps stirred, and the titter has its place. But life is bigger than that, and he who tears a passion to tatters confesses his own poverty. I shall not

attempt a diagnosis. There are some who say the laugh is a mask to a repressed emotion. There are some, less charitable, who say it bespeaks the vacant mind. It is hard to tell.

Keen minds and critical we need in the theatre, but if, in the process of intellectualising, we kill the spirit, then we are like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side. A good cry—not the maudlin stuff which is no good, but the emotional release which was so well understood by the ancients—is often more potent than a great laugh. It unstops the wells of sympathy and sets wings to the imagination. Our young titterers will one day face a fact which will make them silent. It were better for them that the experience should first be before the mirror of the play. At all events, if they must pluck the trembling lyre of romance with rude fingers, let them, in the name of good manners, keep their vexatious titters inaudible.

AN OFFICER OF THE FUTURE AND HIS SCIENTIFIC EQUIPMENT: THE LIEUTENANT (JEAN BRADIN) WHO FALLS IN LOVE WITH THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER, IN "AT THE EDGE OF THE WORLD."



SOLDIERS OF THE FUTURE IN ELABORATE HELMETS: A SCENE FROM THE NEW GERMAN ANTI-WAR FILM "AT THE EDGE OF THE WORLD"—THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER, MAGDA (BRIGITTE HELM), SERVING DRINKS. It is interesting to compare these imaginary episodes of future warfare with some actual scenes from the Great War illustrated on the opposite page. Both are from new films produced by the Ufa Company of Berlin. The one shown here is entitled "At the Edge of the World." "The private soldier," we read, "will carry a necklace of electrical bombs, and a rifle capable of firing either bullets or poison gas, emitted through perforated holes." The romantic side of the plot concerns a "miller's lovely daughter," Magda, played by Brigitte Helm, who was also the heroine of another film vision of the future—"Metropolis."

beyond dispute. I am fairly posted as to the work of theatrical societies, and it is simply stupendous how much money is frittered away on rehearsals under the prevailing circumstances; since quite inadequate places charge from 2s. 6d. to 5s. per hour—which means that twenty rehearsals, the average number for a production, cost £10—more often £15 to £20. Now, supposing that the Rehearsal House would cost in rent and rates, say, £700—a goodly sum even as things go nowadays; that the management—I take

it largely—would require £500; the place could be run at £1200 (after an inexpensive equipment, ten times better than what is available in the present hole-and-corner places). We may take it for granted—not by rumour, but from experience—that the



ARMED WITH CYLINDRICAL RIFLES PERFORATED TO EMIT POISON GAS: SOLDIERS OF THE FUTURE SEIZING THE MILLER'S SON, MICHAEL (WILHELM DIETERLE), IN "AT THE EDGE OF THE WORLD."

by the many preliminary rehearsals in a cramped space and unfamiliarity with the actual place of the performance. How can a producer, in one single, hurried dress-rehearsal, realise his vision, manœuvre his actors efficiently, when they are

ACTUAL WARFARE ON THE FILM: JUTLAND; GERMAN PICTURES OF 1914.



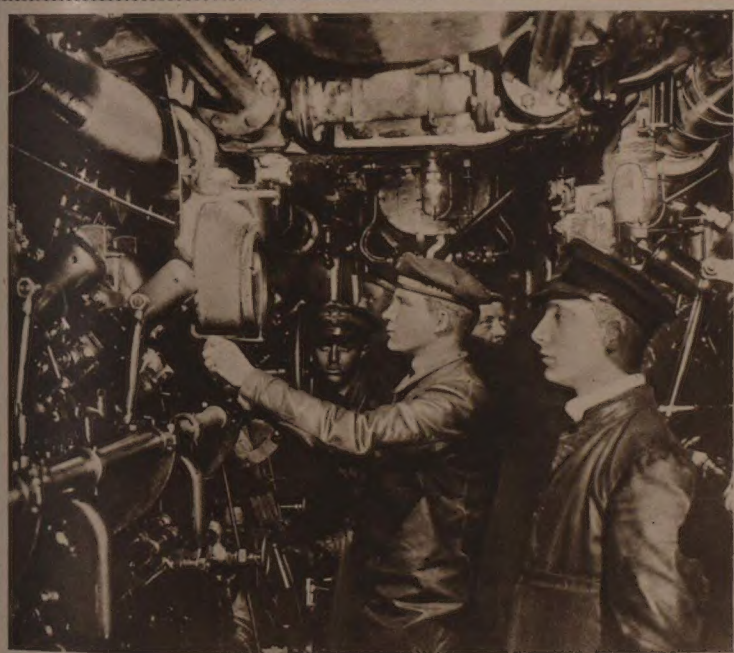
CLAIMED TO SHOW THE ACTUAL SINKING OF A BATTLE-SHIP DURING THE GREAT WAR: NAVAL SCENES FROM A FILM OF THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND—(L. TO R.) (1) THE GREAT SHIP HEELING OVER; (2) LYING ON HER SIDE, WITH HER BIG GUNS POINTING VERTICALLY UPWARD, AND THE CREW SWARMING OVER THE HULL OR TAKING TO THE WATER; (3) THE SHIP TURNED TURTLE, AND SURVIVORS SWIMMING AWAY.



A FLAMMENWERFER IN ACTION: TWO GERMAN SOLDIERS PROJECT BURNING PETROL FROM A FLAME-THROWER ON THE WESTERN FRONT DURING THE EARLY MONTHS OF THE WAR.



THE PRESENT GERMAN REPUBLIC'S PRESIDENT AS THE DELIVERER OF EAST PRUSSIA FROM THE RUSSIANS IN 1914: HINDENBURG BESTOWING IRON CROSSES ON GERMAN SOLDIERS.



"THE MENACE" TO ALLIED SHIPPING: THE INTERIOR OF A U-BOAT—A NAVAL SCENE FROM THE NEW GERMAN FILM OF THE WORLD WAR RECENTLY PRODUCED IN BERLIN.



"BIG BERTHA" IN ACTION: A GERMAN ARTILLERYMAN SIGHTING THE MONSTER GUN WHICH WAS USED TO BOMBARD PARIS AT LONG RANGE.

The first section of the new German war film, "Der Welt-Krieg" ("The World War"), was shown in public for the first time recently at the U.F.A. Palace in the Hardenbergstrasse, Berlin. This section is entitled, "The Nation's Heroic Advance," and covers events of the first four months of the war, in 1914. The other two sections, to be produced later, are named respectively, "The Nation's Ordeal" and "The Nation's Fate." As the first part deals with a period when no official film pictures were taken in the war area, the producers have built up a series of impressions, from authentic films of later date, representing isolated incidents reconstructed from memory by former combatants. The film begins

with scenes of peace, followed by the Serajevo outrage, mobilisation in Germany, Austria, France, Russia, and England, the German advance into Belgium and capture of Liège, and the defeat at the Marne. On the eastern front are scenes of Hindenburg's campaign against the Russians in East Prussia. Many scenes show horrors of war, and most of the men shown in them now lie in battlefield graves. It is hoped to exhibit the film also in former "enemy" countries, with British and French official pictures worked into it. British critics consider that it would need to be modified first. The three photographs at the top are from a film of the Battle of Jutland..

"PARIS OF THE DOLLAR": OLD BOHEMIAN CABARETS AMERICANISED.

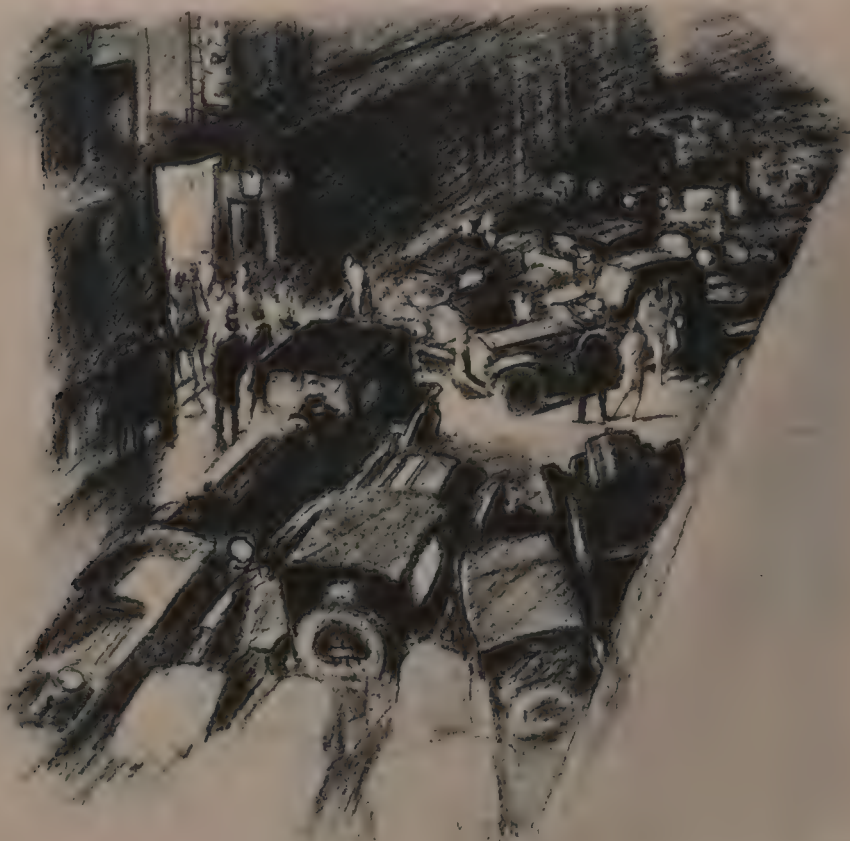
FROM THE DRAWINGS BY NICOLAS VADASZ.



NOWADAYS CHARACTERISED BY "ALL THAT EVER WENT WITH EVENING DRESS":
SUPPER IN A MODERNISED PARIS CABARET.



ONCE A QUIET GARDEN WHICH WAS ROOFED AND MADE A NIGHT RESORT: THE "FLORENCE"
AS IT IS TO-DAY, WITH NEGRO BAND AND THE CHARLESTON.



TOO NARROW FOR ALL THE CARS THAT ARE PARKED THERE FROM MIDNIGHT TO 6 A.M.:
THE RUE BLANCHE OUTSIDE THE "FLORENCE."

Since the war the Bohemian life of Paris has undergone a great change. "What is one to call this new Paris," says a French writer, "but 'Paris of the Dollar'?" Lately the Russian cabaret was in favour, but Russia has given way to the Argentine, a tango orchestra from that country having been the rage of a season. The negro has arrived, and he undoubtedly reigns supreme. It is the frivolities in all these resorts that the artist, Nicolas Vadasz, who is of Hungarian origin, has drawn in these sketches. First there is the 'Bœuf sur le Toit.' Its name comes from



REFRESHMENTS AT THE CHÂTEAU DE MADRID: "A MOST ARISTOCRATIC PLACE"
IN THE BOIS, ON THE SITE OF A SPLENDID CASTLE BUILT BY FRANCIS I.



FORMERLY A BAR FREQUENTED BY WRITERS, ARTISTS, MODELS, AND MANNEQUINS:
"LE BŒUF SUR LE TOIT," ORIGINALLY NAMED FROM A FANTASY BY JEAN COCTEAU.

a literary fantasy of M. Jean Cocteau. Originally it was only a bar for intellectuals, advanced writers and artists, who discussed art while they drank cocktails. The artists brought their models, and then some mannequins. It was gay and amusing. Soon Society started coming there just to look on, and they brought in their train the cosmopolitan world of Paris. Now it is a strange place with an Anglo-American-Hispano-Parisian crowd, but it is still amusing. Then there is the 'Florence,' which used to be a quiet garden behind

[Continued opposite.]

AMERICANISED PARIS: A CABARET IN PALATIAL MODERN FORM.

FROM THE DRAWING BY NICOLAS VADASZ.



WHERE THE CLERK FORMERLY DRANK HIS MODEST BOCK: "LES AMBASSADEURS," NOW A GRAND AMUSEMENT PALACE.

Continued. the rue Blanche. Its owner had a roof put over it, and turned it into a night resort. The rue Blanche has since become too narrow to contain all the cars which stand there from midnight till six in the morning. On the border of the Bois de Boulogne, under the fine trees of the Château de Madrid, the tone is different. Francis I. built there a splendid château, which was demolished in 1793. In memory of his captivity in Spain it was called 'Madrid.' The building erected in its place, in spite of its modernity, has retained some of its ancient dignity. It is a most aristocratic place for afternoon

tea, dinners, and *soupers dansants*. 'Les Ambassadeurs' started quite simply in the days of the café concert. When his day's work was finished, the Parisian clerk used to come here and sit in the garden and listen to Paulus, Yvette Guilbert, or Polin while drinking his modest beer. But those days have gone, and 'Les Ambassadeurs' has become Americanised like every other place. The enormous new building contains a restaurant, dancing-hall, and, a theatre, where the most sensational turns from the States are brought over for a public for whom money is no object."—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

I HAVE been gradually forming a small battalion of books connected with travel, survey, and exploration, and, several new "recruits" having just brought it up to strength, they can now all take the field together. Some have had to wait awhile, content with a mere mention of their enrolment. Others are, so to speak, "raw."

Politically, the most important is "EAST AFRICA": A New Dominion. A Crucial Experiment in Tropical Development and its Significance to the British Empire. By Major Archibald Church, D.S.O., M.C. With Photographs and a Map. (Witherby; 18s.). Major Church—then M.P. (Labour) for East Leyton—was one of the Parliamentary Commission appointed in 1924 by Mr. J. H. Thomas (Colonial Secretary in the Labour Government) to visit East Africa and report on its development. The Commission consisted of Major the Hon. William Ormsby-Gore (now Under-Secretary for the Colonies), Mr. F. C. Linfield, and Major Church, representing the three political parties, with Mr. J. A. Calder, of the Colonial Office. In three months they visited Northern Rhodesia, Nyasaland, Tanganyika, Uganda, and Kenya.

Although in his introduction the author uses the plural "we," to summarise the Commission's work, and does not explicitly dissociate his colleagues from the rest of the book, I gather that it expresses his personal views, especially as he occasionally criticises the policy of Mr. Ormsby-Gore's present chief at the Colonial Office, Mr. Amery. Major Church, however, puts all sides of any controversial question very fairly, without disguising his own sympathies. Broadly speaking, he advocates guidance, as against exploitation, of the blacks by the whites. He sees a great future for the country. "We are only just beginning," he says, "to discover Africa." His book is timely in view of the recent Colonial Conference and subsequent discussions as to the possibility of an East African Federation.

Less happy has been the lot of another African land in recent years. A dark tragedy, in fact, is the subject of "FRANCE, SPAIN AND THE RIF." By Walter B. Harris, F.R.G.S., F.S.A. Illustrated (Edward Arnold; 21s.), a record of the Spanish and French campaigns in Morocco down to the surrender of Abdel Krim, and the position last December, with preliminary chapters on the history of the country and its people. "War anywhere and everywhere," writes the author, "is horrible—this war in Morocco was doubly so. The Rif was deprived of all medical aid and surgical aid. . . . The agony of Spain was little, if any, less. The youth of the Peninsula has died, massacred, tortured, mutilated, in its thousands." This in the preface; in the narrative itself sentiment is eliminated from a full and clear account of the events, telling how General Primo de Rivera "restored the prestige of Spain." In the section on the French campaign in Morocco, Mr. Harris pays a high tribute to the genius of Marshal Lyautey as a colonial administrator.

From the miseries of modern warfare there is relief in a book that pictures, in a tranquil spirit, the relics of past glories. Ancient history is charmingly blended with a description of mighty Roman ruins in "VANISHED CITIES OF NORTHERN AFRICA." By Mrs. Stuart Erskine. With eight colour and thirty-two Black-and-White Illustrations by Major Benton Fletcher (Hutchinson; 24s.). Author and artist conduct the reader on a pleasant tour through the antiquities of Tunis and Karthage, and the great ruins of Timgad, Dougga, Djemila, and other ancient sites. In my school days, by the way, I was taught to spell "Carthage" with a "C"—*Delenda est Carthago*. Nowadays I suppose we must write *Effodienda est Karthago*.

Practical needs of the present, rather than the glamour of the past, have motivated "THE WILDERNESS OF SINAI." A Record of Two Years' Recent Exploration. By H. J. Llewellyn Beadnell, F.R.G.S., F.G.S. With Foreword by D. G. Hogarth, President of the Royal Geographical Society. Illustrated (Edward Arnold; 10s. 6d.). Mr. Beadnell has spent thirty years mapping arid regions for the Survey of Egypt, but the task itself has not been dry. "Of such absorbing interest," he says, "have I personally found the desert that I wish for nothing better than to spend my remaining working years in the same occupation." His enthusiasm is infectious and makes

his book delightful, even to a reader, like myself, who has no geology. In his hands it is no such "terrible science" as the poet calls it, and Mr. Beadnell is, indeed, much more than a geologist. As Dr. Hogarth says, "he shows himself alive to every interest that the remote, rugged region can feed—to its scenic grandeur, to its life of beast, bird, and man, to its sport, and to its historic traditions." He describes, for instance, the romantic Convent of St. Katherine, where the Codex Sinaiticus was found, the rival hills that claim to be the "Mount" of Moses, the Beduin, the habits of ibex and hyena, and "a most extraordinary fish, the spiny or porcupine sea-hedgehog," whose curious behaviour I commend to the notice of our science expert, Mr. Pycraft.

Mr. Beadnell's work has the advantage of a special purpose, revealing also the author's personality. I do not suggest that there is no purpose in "SANDS, PALMS AND MINARETS." By Madeleine Vernon. Illustrated. (Bles; 16s.). It is, indeed, a very picturesque and entertaining description of life in Algeria, Tunis, and Morocco.

But I think the author would have done well to explain at the outset the *raison d'être* of her tour, and to give some little account of herself. A reader needs to be put *en rapport* with a writer, and I could wish that every book, without exception, had to include a portrait and short character-

writes with the authority

of long experience; and one soon discovers that it is also a well-written book, rich in many-sided interest—personal, pictorial, ethnological, religious, zoological, and topographical.

"Right up to the beginning of the twentieth century," says the author, "the greater part of the Indo-Chinese Peninsula remained a closed book to Europe generally. . . . This is particularly true of that region of which this book treats, for to all but a small band of Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Danes, the hinterland of Siam was a veritable *terra ignota*." Among many examples of Siamese folklore in the book, one that is topical just now is a quaint legend of the origin of eclipses of the sun and moon. Nowadays the East is deriving from the West a more dubious mythology, in the form of "ridiculous and melodramatic films," and the author's strong comments thereon deserve attention. "If these films do harm to the youth of the West, they are a hundredfold more harmful in the East, not only from an educational point of view, but also to the prestige of Europeans."

Education in the East is a leading motive in another valuable book emanating from a country in that quarter of the world which affords East Africa a precedent in federal rule, namely, "IN BRITISH MALAYA TO-DAY." By Richard J. H. Sidney, M.A., F.R.G.S. With Map, many Photographs, and line Drawings by a Chinese artist, Ho Choo Chuan. (Hutchinson; 21s.) The author has been headmaster of one of the largest schools in the Malay Peninsula, the Victorian Institution at Kuala Lumpur, and the chapters dealing with his work there, and his management of mixed nationalities among the boys, will appeal to all who have to do with teaching.

Mr. Sidney's book, however, is by no means restricted to scholastic matters; he describes the life of the country generally, and, *inter alia*, tells a gruesome story of a Malay running amok on board ship. "This book," he concludes, "has only dealt with a mere fraction of the area known as British Malaya. . . . More rapid communications are necessary. . . . When the European on coming to Malaya no longer feels that he is cutting himself off from kith and kin; when he has an adequate hill station . . . when he can get to England in ten days—then many of the present discontents will cease." According to the author, the remedy is to be found in Sir Alan Cobham's idea of an air service.

The inclusion of the author's portrait in every book would be particularly useful and welcome when the writer has a Christian name used equally by both sexes. It is bad enough not to know whether a woman is married or single; it is worse still to be uncertain whether a writer is a woman or a man. I suppose this tiresome little point ought not to affect one's enjoyment of good work, but I am bound to say I find it rather bothering. It was only after diligent research that I resolved the doubt concerning the author of "ISLANDS NEAR THE SUN": Off the Beaten Track in the Far, Fair Society Islands. By Evelyn Cheesman, F.E.S., F.Z.S. With photographs by L. Gauthier and sketches by the author. (Witherby; 12s. 6d.) The solution occurs (on page 111) in an amusing account of search for nocturnal privacy in the island of Bora Bora, where a village schoolmaster interpreted the author's speech: "I am one woman from Peretané (Britain): I am in search of *manu-manu* (insects). . . . I will live here in the village of Fanui, but I am *hoe vahina* (a single woman) and I must have *hoe faré* (one house)." Miss Cheesman was the entomologist of the St. George Expedition to the South Seas. Besides its special interest in *manu-manu*, her book gives a delightful picture of native life in Tahiti and other islands, of birds and animals, scenery, and personal incidents of rambling and climbing.

No disturbing uncertainties arise as to the authors of "SOUTH SEA SETTLERS." By J. R. Grey and B. B. Grey, F.L.S. With twenty-eight Photographs and fifteen Linoleum Cuts by B. B. Grey (Arrowsmith; 15s.). The opening pages and a photograph proclaim the fact that they are a young couple who went out to the islands and married there, built a house, acquired a yacht, and ran a coconut palm plantation. They tell their story of adventure in the simple life with great good-humour, and after five years they are still enthusiastic about their island home. But they realise that the life would not suit everyone, and they conclude with some practical warnings which would-be lotus-eaters will be wise to study. C. E. B.



A HOUSE BUILT ON HIGH POLES, TO PROTECT THE FAMILY FROM TIGERS AND LEOPARDS BY NIGHT: A TYPICAL JUNGLE HOME IN NORTHERN SIAM, AS SHOWN IN THE NEW FILM, "CHANG."

The whole house, which consists of one room and a porch, stands on high bamboo poles, and the inmates climb up into it by a ladder. The houses are built of bamboo, with a thatched roof. An interesting book on Northern Siam ("An Asian Arcady") is noticed on this page.

sketch of the author. When the author is a woman, I never know, unless she tells me, or is sufficiently celebrated, whether to call her "Mrs." or "Miss." In this case, I thought, from her name, that she was English, but as she concludes (after quoting M. Steeg's eulogy of French colonisation in North Africa), "I am proud of the work accomplished by my country," I guess that I thought wrong. There is no suggestion, however, that the book is a translation, nor does it read like one.

I must now skip across from Africa to another continent, into "AN ASIAN ARCADY": The Land and Peoples of Northern Siam. By Reginald Le May, M.R.A.S., Acting Adviser to the Siamese Government in the Ministry of Commerce and Communications (late of the Consular Service.). Colour Frontispiece, numerous Photographs, and two Maps. (Cambridge: Heffer; London: Simpkin Marshall and Co.; 21s.) It is at once obvious that this is an important book, breaking new ground, by one who



BUILDING A "DEADFALL" FOR TIGER OR LEOPARD IN NORTHERN SIAM: A HEAVY TIMBER TRAP, WITH BAMBOO TEETH, THAT FALLS WHEN THE ANIMAL TOUCHES A TRIP-ROPE—A SCENE FROM "CHANG," A NEW FILM OF JUNGLE LIFE.

A "deadfall" is a huge shelf of heavy logs, with sharp bamboo stakes pointing downward on the inner side. With one edge resting on the ground, the other is raised to a high angle, and bait is placed beneath. When a tiger or a leopard steps on the release apparatus, the shelf falls and transfixes the animal. The film "Chang" is further illustrated on the opposite page.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



SIR HARRY B. RENWICK, BT.
New Baronet. Honoured for services in connection with electricity schemes. Connected with numerous electric supply companies. K.B.E., 1920.



SIR ERNEST CRAIG, BT.
New Baronet. M.P. for the Crewe Division, 1912-18; and since 1924. Mining engineer and coal-owner. Author of "Working of Rearer Coal Measures."



SIR MALCOLM ROBERTSON, LADY ROBERTSON, AND THEIR SONS.

Just returned to the Argentine Republic, where he is now the British Ambassador, the Legation having been raised to an Embassy.



FLIGHT-LIEUT. L. P. OPENSHAW.

Killed in collision in air at Bournemouth. Like Squadron-Leader Longton, flew in the Great War. Belonged to Reserve Air Force Officers (Class A).



SQUADRON-LEADER. W. H. LONGTON.

Killed in collision in air at Bournemouth. One of the most popular R.A.F. pilots. Had the D.F.C. and the A.F.C. Famous as an exponent of "trick" flying.



LT.-COL. THE HON. GEORGE STANLEY.

New P.C. Under-Secretary for Home Affairs, Nov. 1922—March 1923. M.P. for Preston, 1910-22; and for Willesden East since Oct. 1924.



SIR JOHN BRICKWOOD, BT.

New Baronet. Honour received for political and public services in Portsmouth. Former Chairman of the Portsmouth Chamber of Commerce. An F.R.S.



PROFESSOR JOHN B. BURY.

(Born, Oct. 16, 1861; died, June 1.) Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge. A famous linguist. Fellow of the British Academy.



THE REV. DR. ESTLIN CARPENTER.

(Born, Oct. 5, 1844; died, June 2.) Unitarian divine and scholar. Long associated with Manchester New College, both in London and at Oxford.



THE REV. J. D. JONES, C.H.

New Companion of Honour. Chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, 1909-10, and 1925-26. Ministers at Bournemouth.



SIR WILLIAM S. CRAWFORD, K.B.E.

New K.B.E. The famous publicist who is a member of the Empire Marketing Board and Vice-Chairman of the Publicity Committee of that Board.



SIR GEOFFREY CONGREVE, BT.

New Baronet. Receives the title that would have been given to his father, the late Gen. Sir Walter Congreve, V.C., Governor of Malta.



THE HON. SIR CHARLES A. PARSONS, O.M.

Receives the Order of Merit in recognition of his eminent services in scientific research and its application to industries.



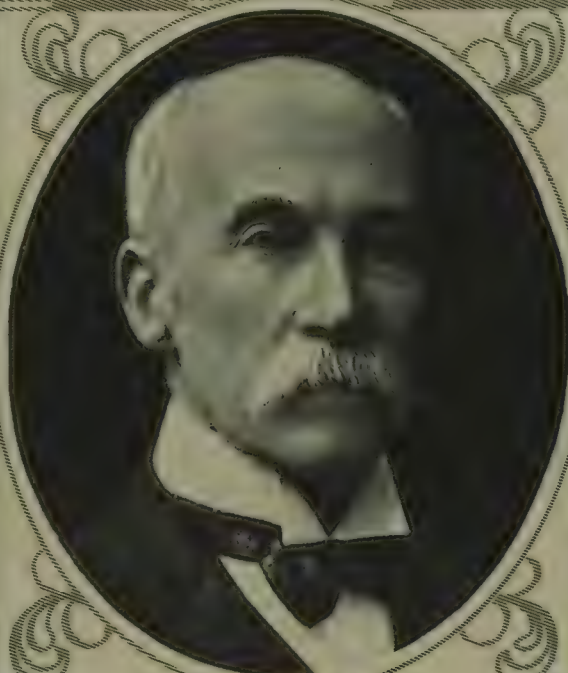
SIR HARRY GOSCHEN, BT.

New Baronet. Partner in Goschens and Cunliffe; Director of National Provincial and Union Bank of England. K.B.E., 1920.



SIR GILBERT GREENALL, BT., C.V.O.

New Baron. Well known for his interest in agricultural matters. President of the Royal Agricultural Society, 1925. Sheriff of Cheshire, 1907.



THE FIFTH MARQUESS OF LANSDOWNE, K.G.

(Born, Jan. 14, 1845; died, June 3.) The distinguished statesman. A former Governor-General of Canada; Viceroy of India; Secretary for War; and Foreign Secretary.



SIR DAVISON A. DALZIEL, BT., M.P.

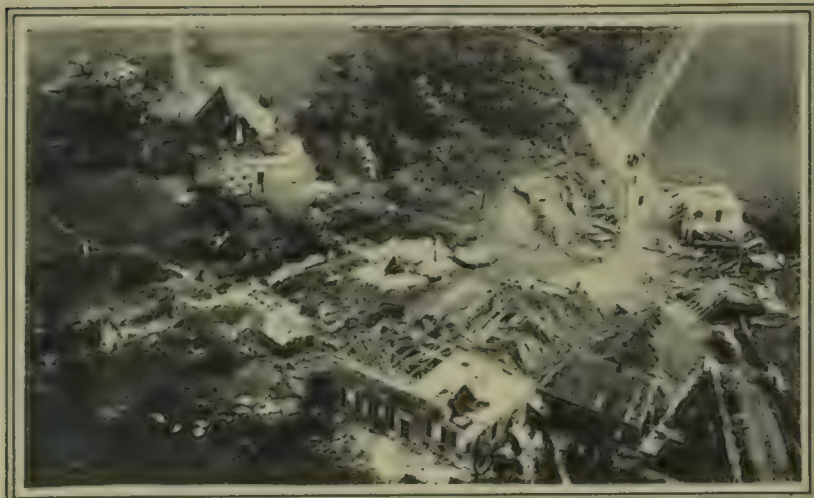
New Baron. M.P. for Brixton Division, 1910-23, and since 1924. Chairman of the Pullman Car Company. First introduced motor-cabs into London.

Amongst other posts, the Hon. George Stanley has held those of Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Pensions, Comptroller of H.M. Household, and Financial Secretary to the War Office.—Sir Malcolm Robertson became British Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Argentine Republic in June 1925. The Legation having been raised to an Embassy, he now becomes the first British Ambassador.—Dr. Estlin Carpenter was Lecturer in Manchester College from 1875 until 1906, and was Principal of the College from 1906 until 1915. He was Wilde Lecturer at Oxford, 1914.—Sir William Smith Crawford, the famous publicist who is the Chairman and Governing Director of Messrs. W. S. Crawford,

Ltd., the advertising agents, of High Holborn, is a member of the Empire Marketing Board and Vice-Chairman of the Publicity Committee of that Board. For two years he was a member of the Imperial Economic Committee. He has done much valuable work for the Government.—The Hon. Sir Charles Algernon Parsons' name is chiefly associated in the public mind with the Parsons Turbine.—The late Lord Lansdowne served his country, in and out of office, for over forty years, and held the posts of Governor-General of Canada, Viceroy of India, Secretary for War, and Foreign Secretary. As Foreign Secretary, he sponsored the Alliance with Japan and the Entente Cordiale with France.

IN A WHIRLWIND'S TRACK: AIR-PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE DUTCH DISASTER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY K.L.M. AIR LINES; SUPPLIED BY THEIR BRITISH AGENTS, AEROFILMS, LTD.



AFTER THE WHIRLWIND WHICH RAVAGED A PART OF EASTERN HOLLAND: WRECKED BUILDINGS.



BUILDINGS WITH THE TILES BLOWN OFF AND TREES "LAID OUT" IN A ROW: AFTER THE STORM.



TREES BENT AND BROKEN BY THE WHIRLWIND AND "LAID OUT" IN A ROW: AN EXTRAORDINARY EFFECT OF THE STORM WHICH MADE HAVOC OF BUILDINGS AND LAND AND CAUSED DEATH AND INJURY.



DEVASTATION SEEN FROM THE AIR: THE TREES BY A ROADSIDE BLOWN DOWN AND ACROSS THE ROAD, AND INTO THE FIELDS.

It was reported from the Hague on June 1 that a storm of great force had passed over the district south-west of Borculo, in the eastern part of Holland, and had destroyed everything in its path. Deltrum was almost completely ruined; a large textile works at Nede-collapsed; five people were killed and hundreds were injured. Speaking to the "Times" correspondent, the Burgomaster of Nede said that he first noticed what seemed to be a black pillar of smoke which he thought was a big fire at a great distance. The pillar came quickly nearer, and he saw that it was a whirlwind on the top of which black



SWEPT BY THE MIGHTY WIND: A SCENE OF DEVASTATION THAT SUGGESTS A WAR-WRECKED VILLAGE IN BELGIUM.

clouds could be seen. All sorts of objects were visible in the whirlwind, including pieces of furniture, trees, roof tiles, pieces of wood and iron, and a number of chickens. Wherever the whirlwind touched the ground everything was swept into the air and dashed down again further on. The strip of land in the path of the whirlwind was probably not more than one hundred yards wide, but the destruction in that strip was complete. Our correspondent states that the whirlwind swept from Pannerden, a Dutch village on the Rhine near the Dutch-German frontier, north-eastwards to the town of Almelo.

THE ENGLISH PREMIÈRE OF "TURANDOT": PUCCINI'S LAST OPERA.



PUCCINI'S UNFINISHED OPERA OF CHINESE LEGEND PRODUCED, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ENGLAND, AT COVENT GARDEN :
CALAF (CENTRE) ANSWERING THE RIDDLES OF TURANDOT (SIGNORINA SCACCIATI, ON THE STEPS BEHIND HIM).

The first production in England of Puccini's "Turandot" was fixed for Tuesday, June 7, at Covent Garden. The name-part of the Chinese princess had been allotted to Mme. Maria Jeritza, but owing to her serious illness she could not appear, and the rôle was undertaken by Signorina Bianca Scacciati, who sang it at the Costanzi Theatre in Rome, and has often since appeared in it, under Toscanini, at the Scala in Milan, where the opera was first produced a year ago. Puccini left it unfinished at his death, and the final love duet was composed by

Franco Alfano, of Turin, the composer of "Resurrection." The story turns on three riddles propounded by Turandot to her suitors, who forfeit their lives if they fail to answer correctly. A disguised Tartar prince, Calaf, who conceals his identity, tempts fate and wins, but offers to release her if she can guess his name by the next morning. A slave girl who knows it, and loves Calaf, is tortured to death, but refuses to disclose the secret. Calaf, not desiring a reluctant bride, eventually reveals it himself, and Turandot accepts his love.

THE FIRST "TROOPING THE COLOUR" BEFORE THE GUARDS' MEMORIAL: THE MOST SPLENDID OF MILITARY PAGEANTS.



THE KING'S BIRTHDAY PARADE (OMITTED LAST YEAR OWING TO THE STRIKE) RENEWED WITH ALL ITS TIME-HONOURED CEREMONIAL: HIS MAJESTY (MOUNTED ON A CHESTNUT HORSE) CROSSING TO THE SALUTING POINT—SHOWING (IN CENTRE BACKGROUND) THE GUARDS' MEMORIAL WITH ITS FIVE BRONZE FIGURES.

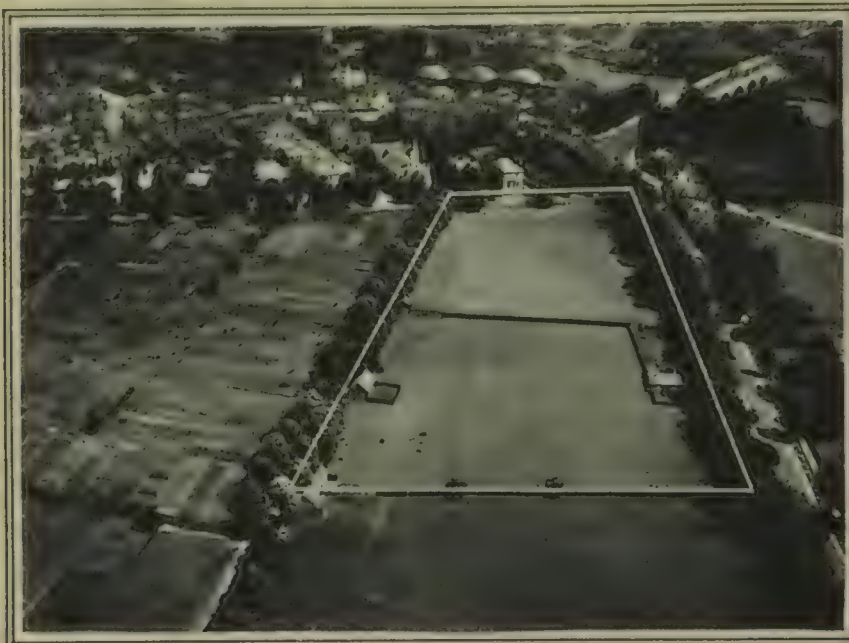
The time-honoured ceremony of Trooping the Colour, in honour of the King's birthday, was carried out by the Brigade of Guards on Saturday, June 4, on the Horse Guards Parade, with all the customary splendour associated with the finest military pageant in the world. Last year, it may be recalled, the occasion was omitted on account of the General Strike, so that this year's ceremony was the first to be held since the unveiling of the Guards' Memorial, which is seen in the background of our photograph with its five bronze figures of Guardsmen along the front. The weather was ideal, and the crowds of spectators were larger than usual. His Majesty was greeted with cheer after cheer as he passed by on his chestnut horse, wearing the uniform of a regiment of the Household

Brigade, as Colonel-in-Chief of the Guards. He was followed by the Prince of Wales, as Colonel of the Welsh Guards, the Duke of Connaught, Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, Prince Henry (in Hussar uniform), and Captain Lord Lascelles. Next came a group of famous soldiers, including Field-Marshal Lord Allenby and General Sir George Milne, Chief of the Imperial General Staff. The King rode straight across to the Horse Guards Arch, where from a window of the Levee Room the Queen was watching the ceremony with Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles and her two little sons. After saluting the royal ladies, his Majesty turned to acknowledge the Royal Salute. He then inspected the line, and when he had ridden back to the saluting point the Troop began.

HOME NEWS OF THE WEEK: ILLUSTRATIONS OF MEMORABLE EVENTS.



A COUNTRY MANSION TO BE CONVERTED INTO A NEW PUBLIC SCHOOL: THE HOUSE AT BRYANSTON, AN ESTATE NEAR BLANDFORD, DORSET, ACQUIRED FROM LORD PORTMAN.



THE KING'S "LEAD" TO THE NATIONAL PLAYING FIELDS MOVEMENT: AN AIR VIEW OF THE TWO ROYAL PADDOCKS (OUTLINED IN WHITE) NEAR HAMPTON COURT, PRESENTED BY HIS MAJESTY, TO BE KNOWN AS "THE KING'S FIELDS."

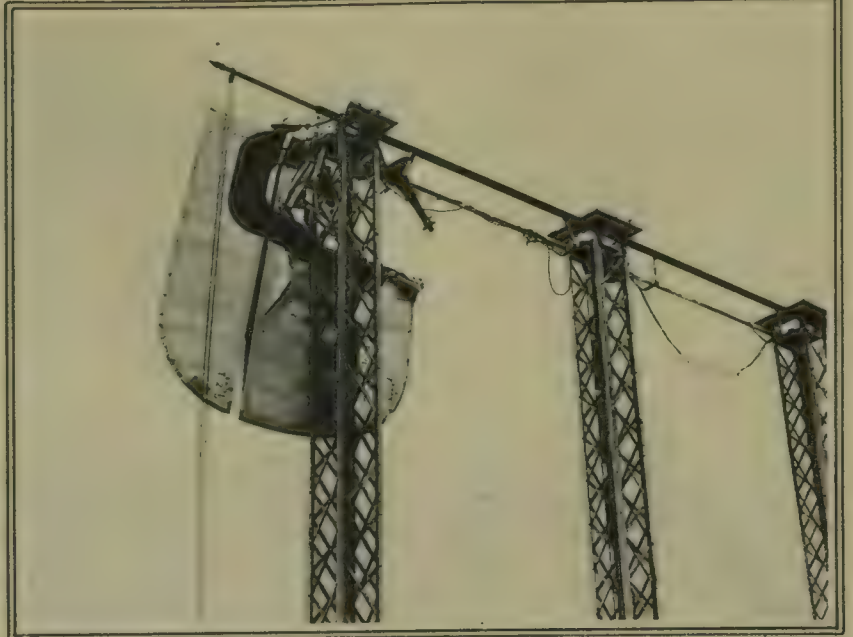


THE WINNER OF THE OAKS: LORD DURHAM LEADING IN HIS FILLY BEAM (T. WESTON UP) AFTER THE RACE AT EPSOM ON JUNE 3.



SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN BANDAGED AFTER HIS CAR ACCIDENT: THE FOREIGN SECRETARY LEAVING FOR A HOLIDAY.

A new public school, to be known as Bryanston, is to be opened shortly on the estate of that name near Blandford, in Dorset, acquired for the purpose from Lord Portman. There are 400 acres of land, and a long stretch of the River Stour, affording facilities for rowing and swimming. The mansion, built in 1897, is well suited for a school.—Lord Durham's Beam won the Oaks by a head from Lord Astor's Book Law, with Sir G. Bullough's Grande Vitesse third, six lengths behind.—The King has given a generous "lead" to the response to the Duke of York's appeal, on behalf of the National Playing Fields Association, by presenting two royal paddocks in Bushey Park, near Hampton Court. The Prince of Wales recently broadcast an appeal in the same cause.—Sir Austen Chamberlain was injured in the head in a motor-car accident on June 3, but was able



A FATAL ACCIDENT ON THE OPENING DAY OF THE WHITSUN AIR RACES AT BOURNEMOUTH: AN AILERON OF MAJOR HEMMING'S MACHINE LEFT HANGING FROM THE POST OF THE NUMBER-BOARD WITH WHICH IT COLLIDED.

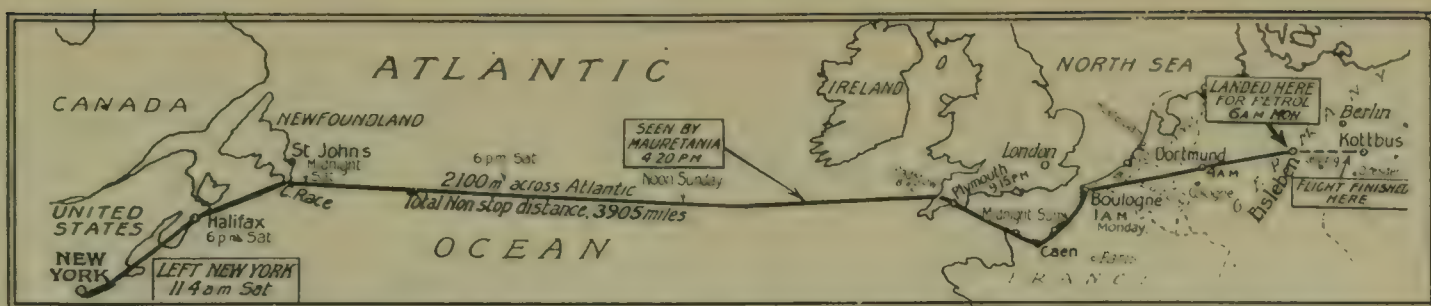


THE CRASH IN WHICH MR. CLAUDE ST. JOHN PLEVINS MAJOR HEMMING'S PASSENGER DURING A TRIAL FLIGHT) WAS FATALLY INJURED: WRECKAGE OF THE AEROPLANE AT ENSBURY PARK, BOURNEMOUTH.



THE SECOND DISASTER AT THE BOURNEMOUTH AIR RACES: THE BURNT-OUT WRECKAGE OF THE TWO AEROPLANES THAT COLLIDED AND CRASHED TOGETHER, CAUSING THE DEATHS OF SQUADRON-LEADER LONGTON AND FLIGHT-LIEUT. OPENSHAW.

to leave next day for a holiday at Brides-les-Bains.—Two disasters marred the Whitsun Air Races at Ensby Park, near Bournemouth. The first happened on the opening day (June 4), when Major H. Hemming was making a trial flight on a D.H. 37, with Mr. Claude St. John Plevins as his passenger. The machine struck the racecourse number-board and the port-wings were torn away, leaving the lower aileron hanging from the top of one of the posts. In the ensuing crash Mr. Plevins was so severely hurt that he died the same afternoon. Major Hemming escaped with some facial injuries. The second accident occurred in the opening event on the following day, when two machines, piloted respectively by Squadron-Leader W. H. Longton and Flight-Lieut. L. P. Openshaw, collided at a turn, crashed into a field locked together, and burst into flames. Both pilots were killed.



THE "RECORD" NON-STOP FLIGHT OF 3905 MILES FROM NEW YORK TO EISLEBEN:
A MAP OF THE TRANSATLANTIC ROUTE TAKEN BY MR. CLARENCE CHAMBERLIN,
WITH MR. CHARLES LEVINE AS PASSENGER, IN THE MONOPLANE "COLUMBIA."



MR. CHAMBERLIN (ON RIGHT) AND MR. LEVINE (LEFT) AT A WINDOW OF THE ANSORGES HOTEL AT KOTTBUS: THE HEROES OF THE FLIGHT ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS OF A GERMAN CROWD.



MR. CHAMBERLIN (ON THE LEFT, POINTING TO THE BROKEN PROPELLER OF THE MONOPLANE) AND MR. LEVINE (RIGHT): A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AFTER THEIR SECOND LANDING IN GERMANY, AT KOTTBUS.



THE PILOT IN "PLUS FOURS" AND THE PASSENGER IN FLYING OVERALLS OVER A LOUNGE SUIT: MR. CHAMBERLIN (LEFT) AND MR. LEVINE (RIGHT) AFTER LANDING AT KOTTBUS, BESIDE THE MONOPLANE.



THE MACHINE IN WHICH MR. CHAMBERLIN AND MR. LEVINE FLEW FROM NEW YORK TO EISELEBEN WITHIN 43 HOURS: THE BELLANCA MONOPLANE "COLUMBIA," WITH A 200-H.P. WRIGHT "WHIRLWIND" ENGINE OF A TYPE DESIGNED BY AN ENGLISHMAN, SAMUEL HERON, FORMERLY OF THE ROYAL AIRCRAFT ESTABLISHMENT, FARNBOROUGH.

Mr. Clarence Chamberlin, the American airman, with Mr. Charles A. Levine, the financial backer of the flight, as his passenger, left New York in the Bellanca monoplane "Columbia," on the morning of Saturday, June 4, and, after crossing the Atlantic and passing over Cornwall and the north of France, came down at Eisleben, in Saxony, about 5.30 a.m. on June 6. They had been in the air for 42½ hours and had accomplished a non-stop world's distance "record" of 3905 miles, beating that set up a fortnight before by Captain Lindbergh, who flew from New York to Paris—3610 miles—in 34 hours. Mr. Chamberlin had to descend at Eisleben through shortage of petrol. After a further supply had been obtained,

the flight was resumed, but owing to fog and engine trouble they had to land again at Kottbus, about fifty miles from Berlin. The aeroplane came down in a swamp, and the propeller was broken, but the occupants were not injured. Mr. Chamberlin expressed his intention of continuing the flight to Berlin if a suitable American propeller could be found. His mother is an Englishwoman. His father keeps the only jeweller's shop at Denison, a small town in Iowa. Mr. Levine, a millionaire at thirty, is the managing-director of the Bellanca Aircraft Company. He entered the aeroplane as a passenger unexpectedly at the last moment, to the distress of his wife, who was there to see the start.

At the Sign of St. Paul's

By JOHN OWEN.

Annus Mirabilis.

The present year is being marked by important anniversary celebrations, about which there is an amusing element of variety. Beethoven, Lister, Blake, and Canning make a series of sufficiently bright contrasts. There are men who quarrel with the notion of "centenaries." Personally, I defend these celebrations on the score of their "convenience." There is an argument for secular saints' days. But not everybody will agree. A strong critic, if not so much of centenaries of the dead as of jubilees of the living, was the great Swiss writer and Nobel Prize winner, Carl Spitteler, who is becoming known to English readers through the efforts of Dr. J. F. Muirhead. Spitteler was a very remarkable writer, who remained quite unknown in this country till the Nobel Prize was conferred upon him. He has been honoured, however, by others than the profoundly mysterious body which determines the recipients of the decoration annually conferred in memory of the inventor of that useful commodity, dynamite. Romain Rolland, addressing the Swiss people, said of him: "He is the greatest of you all. Never has your land the honourable soil of sacred individuality and freedom produced such a hero of art and thought. . . . the only master of the epic since Milton died three centuries ago." It is this Swiss poet who so emphatically criticises the anniversary. Perhaps he had unhappy memories of being a victim of such an occasion, for what he most protests against is the infliction on an old man of genius of a reminder that he is seventy (or eighty) years of age. "Yes, indeed, it is a fine idea to have a national festival of admiration for a single living individual—if only from a naïve overflow of enthusiasm. On the other hand, an admiration that is born of the calendar: which waits pedantically for a date and as late a date as possible . . . an admiration, in short, which is organised like a corner in copper . . . that is a truly rancid national fête."

At the same time, the observance of the hundredth anniversary of the birth, or death, of a writer, poet, painter, or statesman provides precisely that opportunity for a new estimate of the man's work which the intelligent spirit of comparative criticism imperatively demands. The value of the celebration of the recent Gainsborough Centenary, for instance, was obvious.

A Note for Holiday-Makers.

It is not often that a poet frankly discusses his duty to himself and to his public when he presents the world with a collected edition. We are getting accustomed to the publisher's formula: "This collected edition contains all the poems which Mr. Blank has cared to preserve." It is amusing to read some of the rules as laid down by Spitteler for the collecting poet, and as they appear in the remarkable volume of his essays, "Laughing Truths," so vigorously rendered by Dr. Muirhead. To begin with, he urges every poet to bind himself never to write verses about a town or district, "not even Venice." This particular inhibition seems rather hard on the gentleman who, on a well-known occasion, stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs; but holiday-makers going abroad with fountain-pens should make a note. The poet is also bidden "not to admit any translations to his collection." Spitteler adds the remark that "the very fact that poems of this kind are apt to be described by the critics as 'imperishable pearls of literature' should warn him that he is here on dangerous ground."

A Light Matter.

Preparations for the eclipse are being hastened. Crickieth, Southport, and other towns on the line of vision are going to make hay while the sun does not shine. If Mr. Lloyd George has even been persuaded by his admirers to regard himself as a human body round which all other bodies revolve, he may, while lying on his back in the modest green expanse of Brynawelon, have an opportunity of reflecting that even after a series of such gratifying experiences of central authority as he has known, the dominating figure may suffer a temporary eclipse. A total eclipse of the sun which

human phenomena, displaying all the charming astonishment of the learned at the spectacle of human character. As the sun first began to disappear, Arago did not find subject for comment, but as the sun became a "very narrow filament" he was struck by the "sudden uneasiness" that fell upon everyone. This was followed by a deep melancholy; but afterwards came a sudden reaction of relieved feelings. The description is amusingly faithful to one's experience of the minds of men in a state of disturbance; and for a philosophic observer to spare attention for mere fellow-observers is a pleasant variant from the usual.

Trades Disputes Bill.

So far as I know, a clause that would raise little objection in the breast of any of the three highly susceptible parties in the House of Commons has still to be framed. The intention of the Bill is frankly to prevent a recurrence of the General Strike. But the real dislike in the public mind for that proceeding was the result less of the general inconvenience suffered than of the atmosphere of violence which everywhere prevailed, whether this violence was active or only potential.

Now, there is this to remember; anyone who has forgotten has only to refer to his first acquaintance among the men who were on strike: nearly all the violence proceeded from persons who were not legitimate trades unionists at all. All over the country, the majority of the persons who attacked the police, who injured property, and who sought to terrorise the "black-legs" were men whose position would have been in no way improved by the success of the strike. Why, then, not recognise these facts by the addition to the Bill of specially severe penalties where it can be shown that a rioter was not a member of any Union concerned, or was not a "Unionist" at all, and who was creating a disturbance from mere desire for mischief, or to satisfy a grudge against authority? Over and over again Trades Unions had to suffer discredit for the actions of ruffians whose hatred of work is quite enough to keep them out of the Unions, and whose suppression would give satisfaction to no one as much as it would to the Trades Unionist himself.

An Earlier Beatty.

The retirement of Lord Beatty may remind us that not for the first time has the name he bears figured in Naval history. Fisher used to say of the living Admiral that he had "the Nelson touch." There was a Beatty in the flag-ship of our "mighty seaman" when he fell.

As Nelson began to give his last directions, Hardy said that "he hoped Mr. Beatty would yet hold out some prospect of life." "Oh, no," answered Nelson, "It is impossible—my back is shot through: Beatty will tell you that." And when the surgeon came, Nelson said: "Ah, Beatty. . . . You know I am gone." Beatty answered: "My Lord, unhappily for your country, nothing can be done for you."



The body of Richard II lying in state in St. Paul's 1400-



A REDISCOVERED PORTRAIT BY GENTILE BELLINI: A VENETIAN MERCHANT PRINCE—THE DOGE, ANDREA VENDRAMIN.

This fine portrait belonged to William Beckford a century ago, and was noted by Dr. Waagen in 1835 as being at Beckford's home at Bath, Lansdown Tower, along with the better-known Giovanni Bellini portrait of the Doge Leonardo Loredano, now in the National Gallery. Beckford died in 1844, and this picture was forgotten by art critics. When at length a search began to be made for it, it seems to have been assumed that it must have changed hands and disappeared. Actually Mr. R. Langton Douglas found it in Beckford's house, where Waagen had noticed it nearly a hundred years previously! Beckford's successor had taken over the picture with the house, and handed them both down to his son, from whom Mr. Douglas, the present owner, acquired it. Andrea Vendramin was appointed Doge of Venice in 1476 and died in 1478. The territories of the Republic were being ravaged by the Turks. The Doge's eldest son had been outlawed for murder; and the election of a rich tradesman to the highest office in the State was bitterly resented by the members of the old aristocratic oligarchy. It is not fanciful to see in this superb portrait, by the man whom Berenson calls "the Holbein of Venice," something of the strain and anxiety under which Vendramin must have been suffering—as well as of his strength of character.—[By Courtesy of the Owner, Mr. R. Langton Douglas. Copyright.]

created almost as much public excitement as the forthcoming performance of our leading luminary was that to which the astronomer Arago devoted attention. The date of this occasion was July 8, 1842, and the line lay from Litvsk to Perpignan in France. It was in the latter place that Arago made his observations—of human as well as of solar manifestations. He was immensely impressed by the

Where is the Beauty of Yesterday? The New Sailing Ship.

FROM THE PICTURE BY FRANK H. MASON, R.B.A. (COPYRIGHTED.)




THE ROMANCE OF UGLINESS: A "CLIPPER" OF TO-DAY IN THE FORM OF A SEVEN-MASTED SCHOONER.

In view of the lamentable fact that the "Garthpool" and the "William Mitchel," which recently reached port in this country laden with Australian grain, are the last two deep-water sailing ships under the British flag, the picture here given has particular interest. Describing it, a correspondent writes: "Without doubt, the sheer beauty of the old 'Clippers' is responsible for much of the romantic emotion they arouse.

In the latest types it is to be feared that the charm of line that one expects to find is somewhat far to seek. Mr. Mason's drawing shows a seven-masted schooner launched lately from an American yard. By former standards, she possesses little beauty, but doubtless utilitarianism and ugliness have a romance of their own." Germany, by the way, is encouraging the construction of new sailing ships.

Captain LINDBERGH'S personal testimony to Mobiloil



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Charles A. Lindbergh

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PREPARING FOR POSSIBLE TROUBLE ON BOARD A RIVER BOAT ON THE YANGTZE: PUTTING UP SHEETS OF IRON AS A PROTECTION FROM BULLETS.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE KUOMINTANG'S HEADQUARTERS AT NANKING: A BUILDING IN THE CITY WHERE CHIANG KAI-SHEK SET UP HIS INDEPENDENT GOVERNMENT.



RUINS OF HOUSES BELONGING TO FOREIGNERS AT NANKING: A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF THE DESTRUCTION CAUSED DURING THE NATIONALIST OUTRAGES.

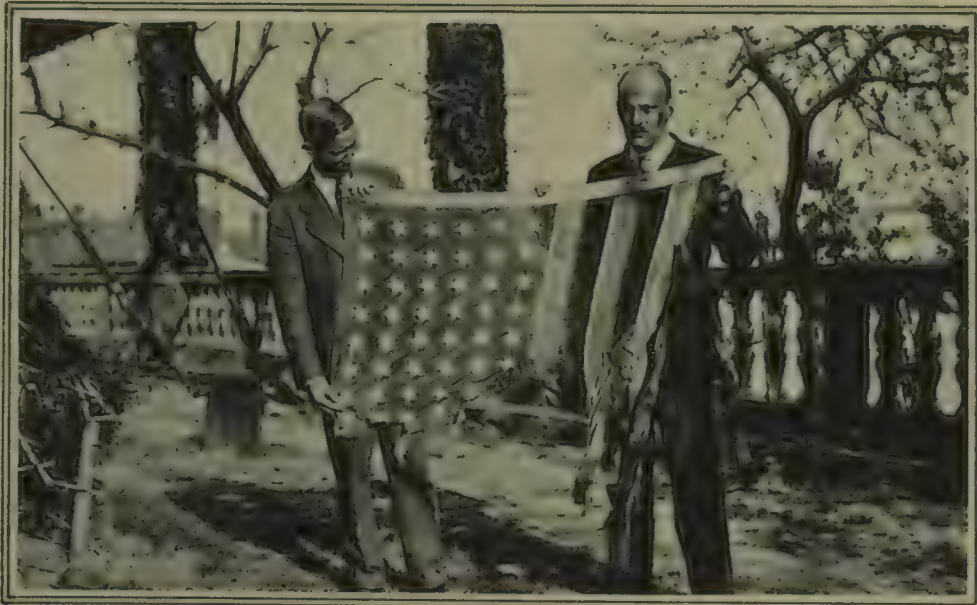


THE ASSEMBLY HOUSE OF THE NANKING GOVERNMENT: A BUILDING OF WESTERN TYPE, WITH A MODERN AIR ABOUT THE WHOLE SCENE.



CHIANG KAI-SHEK ON HIS HORSE, BLACK DRAGON, AT NANKING: THE FORMER NATIONALIST GENERALISSIMO WHO SET UP A RIVAL GOVERNMENT THERE.

Writing from Shanghai on May 14, Mr. A. Lilius says, in sending us these interesting photographs: "I have just returned from Nanking, where I worked as war photographer. I was the first foreigner to re-enter the city with a camera." In this connection we may recall Mr. Chamberlain's statement in Parliament regarding the outrages by Chinese Nationalist troops at Nanking on March 24, when they attacked and looted the British, American, and Japanese Consulates, as well as foreign private property: "The Chinese police warned the American Consul that his party would be



THE AMERICAN CONSUL AT NANKING, MR. JOHN K. DAVIS (LEFT), AND MR. A. LILIUS, WITH THE CONSULATE FLAG DESECRATED BY CHINESE NATIONALISTS AND RESCUED BY MR. LILIUS.

destroyed unless he could escape. Accordingly, his party escaped under constant fire across country to Socony House, on the Standard Oil Company's hill above the city walls, where many Americans and British already were. Nationalist soldiers commenced firing upon them in ever-increasing numbers. The United States and British vessels (in the Yangtze) then dropped shells immediately round the house, and the party escaped over the wall. The Nationalist soldiers deliberately fired at the United States Consul, knowing him to be such, and with intention to kill."

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

CHANGES OF RAIMENT AMONG THE DUCKS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

I HAVE recently had occasion to read one or two essays on the significance of what Darwin called the "eclipse plumage" of ducks, and that experience has left me gasping with surprise at the curious,

glorification which began with the males, and first became manifest at the onset of the breeding season, when the "hormones" diffused from the reproductive and other glands attained to their maximum potency.

This implies, of course, a spring moult. In the course of time, these early splendours increased their area, till the whole plumage participated. Next, the females followed suit, leaving the ancestral "subfusc" dress to the young, as in the case of our starling, for example.

which demands far more study than it has yet received. And this is its disconcerting irregularity in the matter of its appearance and duration. In the pintail it is supposed to be worn from June to August. Yet, as will be seen in the photograph (Fig. 2), this dress may be well on its way towards completion in April! According to text-books, the "eclipse" dress is worn by the shoveller from May to August. The accompanying photograph (Fig. 4) is that of a male which has almost completed its "eclipse" dress early in December! An examination of a large series of specimens—which I have had neither time nor opportunity to make—might show that these particular specimens were suffering from some derangement of the system, which had disturbed the proper sequence of the moult, or it may be an indication that the stability of the "eclipse" phase is breaking up.

Authority, again, speaks with a very uncertain voice when it discusses the number of species which display an "eclipse" plumage. On the one hand, for example, we are told that the sheldrake has no "eclipse" dress; on the other we find it described in great detail! Opinions are no less at variance when the subject of the "purpose" of the "eclipse plumage" comes to be discussed. To most of us this dress is a "mantle of invisibility," a piece of "camouflage,"

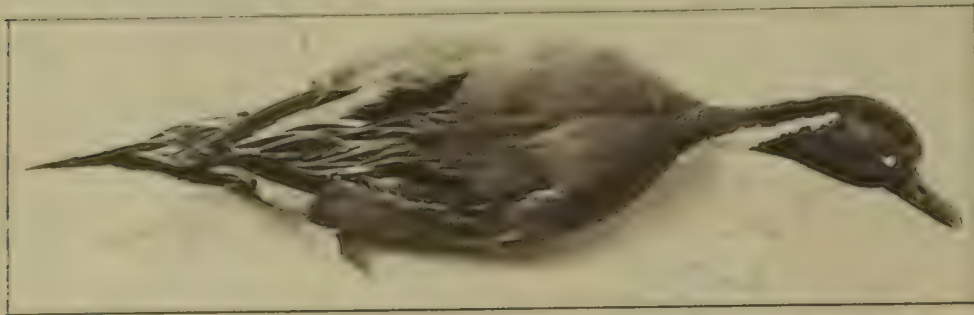


FIG. 1.—THE FULL-DRESS PLUMAGE OF THE PINTAIL: A DUCK SO NAMED FROM ITS POINTED TAIL-FEATHERS.

The full-dress plumage of the Pintail is of great beauty, the head and neck being of a bronze-brown colour, the upper part of the body and flanks pale-grey, delicately vermiculated with black. It derives its name from the long, pointed central tail-feathers.

and often perverse, points of view taken by those who have discussed this theme. In each case there was not so much a confusion of ideas as a lack of ideas, or of any real appreciation of the fundamental underlying facts on which the interpretation of this "eclipse plumage" was based.

Ornithology has a host of devoted and enthusiastic followers, but very few of these are used to subjecting their observations to a really critical analysis. What they imagine to be facts are commonly merely nebulous opinions, based on faulty judgments; because they do not appreciate the value of the scientific method of taking observations. This method is not the peculiar possession of the man of science. It can be acquired by all, for it merely consists in passing common-sense through the sieve of disciplined analysis, a process which saves one mistaking crude deductions for matters of fact. They fail to realise that inferences are *not* facts. Let me come to the point, and take first the case of one who uses terms without understanding their meaning. He was discussing the seasonal plumages of a duck, and, after stating that it had no "eclipse" dress, proceeded forthwith to describe that dress in great detail!

Finally, male, female, and young put on this fine raiment to retain it as a permanent livery, as with our kingfisher.

Naturally, in the short space that is mine on this page, I cannot pursue this theme in all its many ramifications. Suffice it to say that while in some species this resplendent dress is worn only during the breeding season, and is exchanged at the autumn moult for a less conspicuous coloration, in others it has become a permanent possession; and this, it would seem, by a gradual lengthening of the life of the breeding-dress till at last the more primitive dress is entirely eliminated. We have convincing evidence of the truth of this interpretation in what obtains in one or two of our game-birds. In the partridge and the black-cock, for example, the "subfusc" dress has been almost entirely

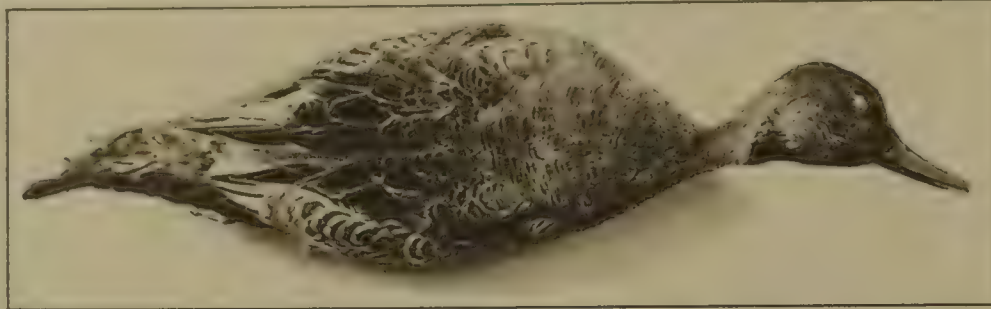


FIG. 2.—THE "ECLIPSE" PLUMAGE OF THE PINTAIL: AN EARLY PHASE OF THE CHANGE, SHOWING THE BRONZE HUE NEARLY GONE FROM THE HEAD.

In its "eclipse" plumage the splendours are lost. This photograph is of a bird assuming the "eclipse" feathers. On the back some of these can be seen, nearly black, transversely barred with white, while the flanks have dark-brown feathers with large fringes of white. The head has nearly lost the bronze hue.

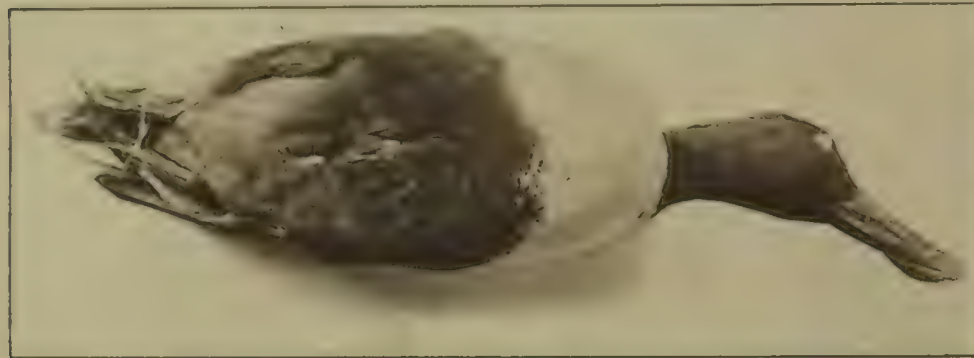


FIG. 3.—THE MALE SHOVELLER IN FULL-DRESS PLUMAGE: A BRILLIANTLY HUED DUCK WITH A BROAD WHITE BAND NEAR THE NECK.

The male Shoveller is most brilliantly coloured. The head and neck are of a dark metallic blue-green, with touches of mauve in certain lights. A broad band of white is interposed between this and the rich chestnut-red of the breast.

The purpose of my next criticism is to show the danger of forming conclusions based on an imperfect survey of the evidence. This theme of "eclipse plumages" must be retrospective. It seems to be generally assumed that this "eclipse" dress is simply a phase in the life-history of the ducks, entirely dissociated from plumage-changes in other groups. As a matter of fact, this is an assumption entirely unjustified. We must, to understand this problem, take a survey, not merely of all the phenomena associated with seasonal coloration among birds as a group, but also of the beginnings of seasonal coloration and the factors underlying it.

Evidence, satisfying and convincing, can be brought to show that the primitive birds were all of "subfusc" hue—some shade of pale brown or tawny, relieved by darker mottlings. It was a coloration due to melanin, or blood-pigments, and, to a less extent, of lipochrome, or fat-pigments. But, in the course of time, the pigment-secreting functions of the body underwent a process of intensification, resulting in the development of bright patches of colour on the crown, back or wings, or all three: a process of

ample, the "subfusc" dress has been almost entirely eliminated, for it appears for a week or two only, and is

Bearing these facts in mind, we can now the more surely appreciate the place of the "eclipse" dress in the ducks. In a word, it answers to the shadowy "eclipse" of the game-birds just referred to. But there is one aspect of this plumage in these birds

enabling the bird to hide from its enemies during the time that the quills are moulting. For among the ducks, these, as in some other birds, are all shed at once, so that escape by flight is, for a season, impossible. Ashore, it must lie low among the reeds. Afloat, escape by swimming and diving is still possible.

We have a parallel in the nestling stage; for young game-birds grow their wing-feathers long before they gain their body-plumage, because they need the use of their wings at the earliest possible moment. Young ducks get their body-plumage while their wings are still in down, because they can escape by water. Yet it has recently been urged, and by an ornithologist of distinction, that: "If there is one period of the year when the male is less in need of protective coloration than at another, it is during the period of 'eclipse.' He who attempts to collect examples in that condition soon becomes painfully aware of this, for those species that frequent cover disappear completely . . ." But where on earth do they go? Do they become disembodied spirits during this critical time; or do they stay exactly where they are, in cover, trusting, and evidently rightly, to their "protective coloration"? Need one say more as to the effectiveness of the "eclipse" dress?



FIG. 4.—THE MALE SHOVELLER IN ITS FIRST "ECLIPSE" PLUMAGE: A PHASE OF THE CHANGE IN WHICH IT RESEMBLES THE FEMALE.

The first "eclipse" dress of the male more nearly resembles that of the female than in succeeding years. This specimen killed in April, has not yet lost all the white breast feathers, nor the dark-green feathers of the head and neck, which are duller than in the fully adult bird.



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MECCHANICS, travelling in quest of work in the middle of the 19th century, carried their implements in a bag, or sack; when their work was finished, the sack was returned to them so that they might replace their tools, and seek a job elsewhere.

The phrase is also commonly met in French, where *sac* means knapsack, and has reference to the marching off of a soldier.

Yet another origin of the phrase was the legendary practice of the mediæval Sultans who were believed to put into a sack, and throw into the Bosphorus, any member of their harem who no longer pleased them.

According to tradition, “sack” was the last word uttered before the tongues were confounded at the Tower of Babel.

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THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

The Traveller's Return.

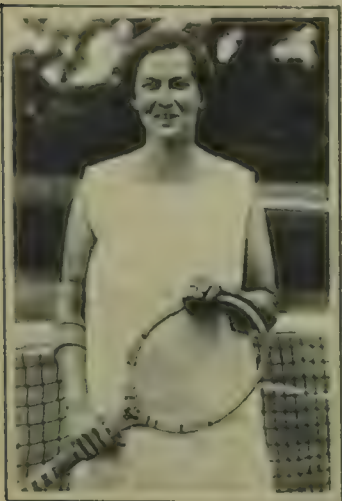
In less than three weeks London will be welcoming the Duke and Duchess of York, who set sail on their long tour on Jan. 6. Their work will be finished when they have visited Malta and Gibraltar, and everyone will hope that the last days at sea will be serene and sunny. They will have a great reception from Londoners, who have realised, as they watched their progress, how strenuous their task has been and how triumphantly they have carried it through. People are wondering how the great service rendered by the little Duchess will be recognised. It has been suggested that some very distinguished Order might be conferred on her, but experts are not sure how that could be done. It will be very interesting to see how the royal approval is to be expressed, and it is quite certain to gratify the people.

Princess Alice.

Princess Alice Countess of Athlone, and her daughter, Lady May Cambridge, are making the most of their two months' holiday. They attended both the Courts, and will stay with the King and Queen at Windsor for the festivities of Ascot. Everyone will look out for them eagerly in the picturesque Royal Procession up the course; while they will welcome the opportunity to meet so many of their friends on successive days. They have been to many dances of importance, and have been entertained at several week-end house parties, and Princess Alice met friends from South Africa at the reception given in her honour by the High Commissioner for South Africa this week at the Savoy. They will spend some days at the end of the month in Holland, visiting the Queen's mother, who is Princess Alice's aunt, and four days after their return to England they leave for South Africa, accompanied by Lord Trematon and his cousin, Lord Frederick Cambridge. Then they are going for a big-game shooting expedition in West Africa.

Miss Ruth Draper.

Miss Ruth Draper, who is giving one of her delightful and amusing recitals in aid of a charity this month, is always sure of a welcome in England. When she was here last year her matinées were such a success that she took the Garrick Theatre for a week for a series of evening performances—the first time that there had been one-star performances in a London theatre. When Ruth Draper, as a young girl, began to give her extraordinarily life-like character-sketches, it was only for the amusement of her friends; she had no idea of a professional career, but she inevitably drifted into that. Of course she was advised to become an actress, and she made the experiment several years ago, playing a character part with Miss Marie Tempest's company, which was then touring the States. But a few weeks convinced her that it was not her line, and that she would do better work as an individual, choosing her own parts.



DEFEATER OF THE "GERMAN LENGLER": MRS. PEACOCK.

Mrs. Peacock beat Fraülein Aussem, known as the "German Lengler," in the French National Tennis Championships at St. Cloud.

PRESENTED AT THE FIRST COURT:

MISS ELIZABETH CROFT.

Miss Elizabeth Croft is the daughter of Brigadier-General Sir Henry Page Croft and the Hon. Lady Croft.



acquaintances might well have an uncomfortable feeling when in her presence that she was making note of their mannerisms. She says, however, that her



THE DUCE'S DAUGHTER: SIGNORINA EDDA MUSSOLINI. Signorina Edda Mussolini, who is reported to be her father's favourite child, visited the Italian Chamber for the first time recently on the occasion of Mussolini's speech on the Fascist achievements during the past five years.

observation is quite unconscious; and, indeed, one can see that the characters she represents are composite, built up from people she has seen here and there. That is why the effect on the audience is so devastating.

The Linked-up Lyceums.

The Lyceum Club, whose members are commonly supposed to be so learned that the bravest man entering its portals seeks to propitiate them by assuming a terrified aspect, has sister or daughter clubs in many other countries. They are to be found in New Zealand, Australia, and other parts of the Empire, and they are scattered through so



PRESENTED AT THE SECOND COURT:

MISS BARBARA FARQUHAR.

Miss Barbara Farquhar is the daughter of the late Major Farquhar, D.S.O., and Lady Evelyn Malcolm, and was born in 1909.



A CHARMING SOCIETY GIRL:

MISS ROSALIND NORMAN.

Miss Rosalind Norman is the daughter of the Rt. Hon. Sir Henry Norman and the Hon. Lady Norman. Her mother is entertaining for her this season.

many towns in Europe that the London member going abroad, with the right of entry to all of them, finds life in Paris, Madrid, several Italian towns, Athens, and Stockholm—to mention only some of the Lyceums—singularly agreeable. She meets with women interested as she is in literature, the arts, public work, and education, and she has the pleasure of welcoming them at the club in Piccadilly when they come to London.

Representatives from the associated clubs held a three days' conference in London last week under the direction of Lady Aberdeen, who is President of the London Lyceum, and who had just time to fit this in before leaving for her International Council of Women Conference at Geneva. The International Association of Lyceum Clubs had held two similar gatherings since the war, one at Florence and the other, three years ago, at Geneva, where there is the largest of the six federated Swiss clubs.

The Knight of the Air.

Lady Astor has entertained many famous people, including countrymen of her own, to tea on the Terrace of the House of Commons, but she has probably never felt prouder of her guest than she did last week when she was able to introduce favoured friends to Captain Lindbergh. She would be especially pleased, too, because she would be well aware that it would gratify Mrs. Lindbergh, the mother whom all women have been congratulating in their hearts. By the way, the women who resent so deeply the attempts made here to prevent married women from holding posts in schools, and the assurances that when they do the children suffer, must feel that Mrs. Lindbergh's record is one up to them. While her son has been covering himself with glory, she has been carrying on the work she has done for many years, teaching science in a school. Captain Lindbergh's story, beginning with his solitary flight through the empty skies, and ending one chapter with the meeting with Princess Elizabeth—is as much like a fairy tale as anything that has ever happened in real life. That is really why everyone is so delighted with him.

Lady Chatterjee.

One of the most distinguished women at Geneva, where so many interesting women are meeting this week, is Lady Chatterjee, wife of Sir Atul Chatterjee, the High Commissioner for India in the United Kingdom. Lady Chatterjee, who has many letters after her name—O.B.E., M.A., and D.Sc.—was well known, before her marriage as Miss Gladys Broughton,



daughter of Captain Broughton. After leaving college she held a post in the Indian Educational Service, but came back to England during the war, and did very good work in the Welfare Department of the Ministry of Munitions. After her return to India she was set free for a time by the Educational Service to conduct an enquiry into the conditions of women and children in industry, an enquiry that was of great value, because at present the Indian women in the factories form a very small proportion of the population, and it is

THE DÉBUTANTE DAUGHTER OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF CLARENDON, WHO WAS PRESENTED AT THE FIRST COURT:

LADY JOAN VILLIERS.

easier to make the reforms that are seen to be necessary now than it will be when their numbers greatly increase.

An Adopted Daughter.

Mr. W. J. Locke, the well-known novelist, has brought his wife and Miss Sheila Locke to London for the season, and has taken a house in Rutland Gate for the next few weeks. Miss Sheila Locke, it will be remembered, is an adopted daughter. She is the younger child of Mrs. Baines, a well-known London journalist, and the late Mr. A. S. Baines, both of whom were for many years such intimate friends of the author and his wife that Sheila grew up to regard Mr. and Mrs. Locke as an uncle and aunt, while they, without any children of their own, lavished affection on this favourite niece. When she was sixteen Sheila agreed to remain with them permanently as their adopted child, taking their name.



A SOUTH AFRICAN LAWN-TENNIS STAR: MISS HEINE.

Miss Heine, who is only seventeen, recently defeated Señorita de Alvarez at the International Lawn-Tennis Championships of France, at St. Cloud, by two sets to one.

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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

"PARSIFAL," AT COVENT GARDEN.

It is some years since "Parsifal" has been performed at Covent Garden, and Covent Garden was sold out for the first performance of the opera this season. Musicians are still divided in their opinion as to the value of this opera and its place in the list of Wagner's works. There is, of course, a natural tendency to consider the last creation of a great artist as necessarily his best, and there is a great deal of support for this notion. It is reasonable to suppose that unless a man's powers decline through senility or disease, the riper and more mature he is the more valuable his work will be. It is also natural to assume that, given the creative impulse—without which any composition must show itself immediately as a dead, manufactured thing—which we can assume from the very fact of the existence of the work, there can have been no serious decline of vitality.

A composition on the scale of "Parsifal," which is one of the longest of Wagner's operas, could not be achieved except by an extraordinary outpouring of energy, so that, although Wagner was well over sixty when he began "Parsifal," we may dismiss at once the idea that any of its imperfections are due to any weakening of his powers. In fact, the case is quite the contrary. Never did Wagner show such mastery, such technical skill and proficiency, as in "Götterdämmerung" and "Parsifal"—his two latest compositions—and the reason why so many critics and musicians have proclaimed "Parsifal" as the greatest of all his operas lies just in this amazing exhibition of technical resource which the score of "Parsifal" reveals.

Nor is there any failure of inspiration or invention. The well-known "Good Friday" music, which is one of the most popular of Wagner's instrumental compositions in concert programmes, is strikingly different from anything that can be found in "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser," or "Tristan"—to take the three operas where one would be most likely to find resemblances to "Parsifal." And as for the dexterity with which the whole of the scene in the Knights' Chapel is constructed, one can only marvel at its virtuosity, at the certainty with which the effect desired is produced.

What we are right in expecting to find in the last work of a great artist is the quintessence of the

man himself, and it is my belief that in "Parsifal" the essential weaknesses of Wagner the man betray themselves most nakedly. Here is the secret of the divergence of opinion among critics as to the merit of "Parsifal." Those who look most to technical qualities, those who are inclined not to penetrate below a surface virtuosity, find little or nothing to find fault with in "Parsifal." And those who seek in art mere sensation irrespective of the quality of sensation also will find all they require in the rich and overcharged emotionalism of "Parsifal." But the others will see in "Parsifal" a passive surrender to mere sensuousness which marks the last stage in Wagner's career as a voluptuary.

From the first Wagner had this tendency to wallow in sensation for its own sake. "Rienzi" is mere pageantry and theatricality, and consists of nothing more than an elaborate dressing-up and parade to appropriate music. "The Flying Dutchman" is a melodramatic shocker set to music; almost all the effects of a Lyceum melodrama are exploited there. In "Tannhäuser" we have again a popular melodrama with a commonplace idea of sacred and profane love set in antagonism, and a typically worldly hero torn between gratification and repentance of sensual pleasures. It is peculiarly typical of Wagner that his hero should be able to enjoy both worlds. He is as much at home with the Pilgrims as in the Venusberg. In "Lohengrin" there is a certain freshness and virility. In the Prelude and elsewhere there is even a quality of masculinity and purity, and nowhere in "Lohengrin" do we get that Turkish bath feeling of relaxed sensationalism which oozes out of "Parsifal." But it was in the "Ring" that Wagner showed the best of himself. There we get a wonderful display of positive active vitality. Nowhere else does he show such fertility of melodic invention. "Tristan" and "Parsifal" are comparatively monotonous in essence, and their richness of texture is a richness of embroidery and variation upon only a few ideas; whereas in the "Ring" there is a continuous outpouring of fresh ideas which are not dwelt upon overlong or embroidered overmuch—at least not until we come to "Götterdämmerung."

This forceful vitality can also be seen clearly if we compare the monologues of Wotan with those of Gurnemanz. Wotan is never really boring in the "Ring." His long monologue to Brunnhilde in the second act of "Die Walküre," for example, is a master-

piece of pointed and vital declamation. It is musical rhetoric of the finest kind worthy to be put beside the finest rhetorical passages of Dryden. But Gurnemanz is tedious to the last degree. He is a bore from the beginning, and never opens his mouth without wearying us. The prosy verbosity which is such a conspicuous quality of Wagner's literary compositions finds perfect musical expression here, and I may add that Mr. Richard Mayr, who sang the part at Covent Garden, spared us nothing of Gurnemanz's dreariness, for he sang the part with a peculiar smooth, almost ecclesiastical unctuousness which made one feel that Gurnemanz is really the most intolerable character in all opera.

"Parsifal" is supposed to preach the virtues of renunciation and self-sacrifice, but there is a natural bias against preaching in art which has the soundest æsthetic justification, and we may begin with a mark against "Parsifal" simply on the ground that it preaches platitudes at great length. But, even if the preaching were good preaching—which it is not—we are not likely to be very deeply moved by what is so transparently the preaching of an exhausted voluptuary. Wagner's love of luxury, his habit in his later years of wrapping himself up in silk, in silk-padded rooms, his notorious amatory self-indulgence—all these weaknesses which grew upon him with age are so patently revealed in "Parsifal" that it seems the most extraordinary paradox that this passive, self-surrendering music should have been accepted as in any way "sacred." It only shows the extraordinary power of a label. For some reason the Christian elements in the old legend which Wagner took for the libretto of "Parsifal" have caught the popular imagination, and this has been helped by the associations of the "Grail" and of "Good Friday." But there never was music less truly religious in the highest sense than Wagner's "Parsifal," and one can only observe with irony the lack of musical comprehension on the part of the general public which makes it possible for them to accept this music as "sacred" music.

The closest parallel that I can find in literature to the music of "Parsifal" is in the "Poems and Ballads" of Swinburne. Nobody has ever suggested that Swinburne's poetry was "sacred" verse, but if any non-musical person wants to know what the music of "Parsifal" really expresses, let him read Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads." There he will find

[Continued on page 1070.]

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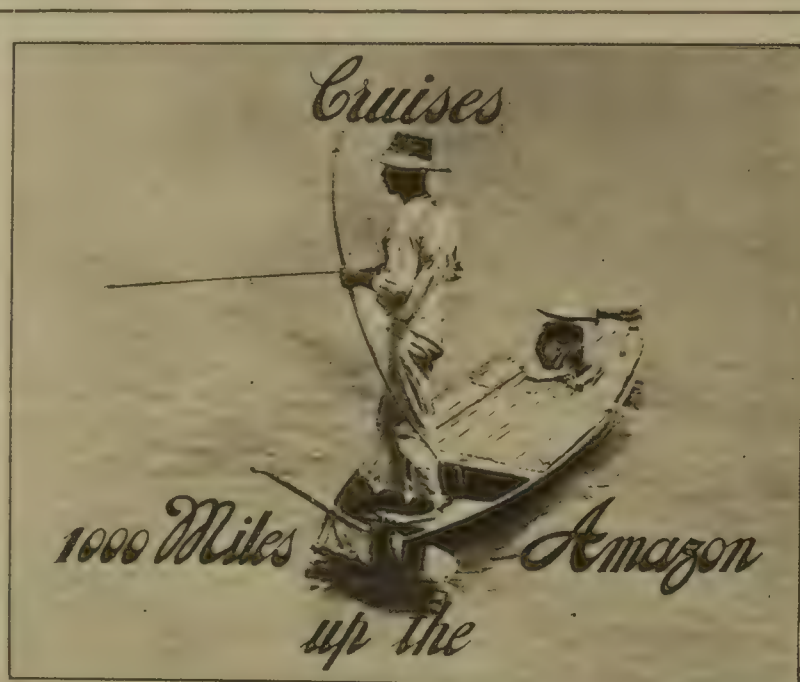
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A view of the extensions at the Valley Gardens, Harrogate, showing the white covers of the sulphur wells.

HARROGATE.

THE fashion of going abroad for pleasure or for health has spread so rapidly during the last few years that we are in danger of rashly overlooking what our own island has to offer. Shakespeare was not exaggerating when he spoke of—

This other Eden, demi-paradise . . .

This precious stone set in the silver sea.

But a few hours' journey from London in a comfortable train, and you are in a beautiful town of open spaces in the midst of the Yorkshire moors—in Harrogate, one of the most famous spas in the world. But Harrogate has many other claims to greatness besides her healing springs. It is also an ideal holiday resort, and just at this time of year it is the holidays which are absorbing everyone's attention. An ordinary visit there is a health cure in itself, for the air is invigorating and wonderfully pure, while the surrounding moors and rivers add their beauty to the exhilarating atmosphere. In the very centre of the town is a magnificent common, no less than 200 acres, and this, by virtue of an Act of Parliament passed in 1770, will always remain free, and keep Harrogate an "open-air" town. The Valley Gardens, of which a view is given on this page, is another extensive open space, which was originally a deep, romantic dell. Its natural beauties have been enhanced threefold by expert gardeners, and in the centre stands a picturesque tea-house, which has become a



An effective glimpse of Bolton Lodge, near Harrogate, where the King shoots every season.



Fountains Hall, a fine example of an old English mansion, standing close to the old ruined Cistercian Abbey. It was built as early as the seventeenth century.



The Royal Baths, Harrogate, one of the finest spa establishments in the world, boasting a long list of more than a hundred different cures.

fashionable rendezvous, equipped with the music of a good band. Amusements, sports, and other pastimes are all to be found at their best. There are motoring excursions, golf, tennis, bowls, fishing, swimming, riding, boating, dancing, music and luxurious cafés, with which to beguile sunshine or rain. The hotels and hydros make a special point of arranging attractive programmes for their guests, so that there is never a dull minute.

Within easy driving distance are to be found the interesting and beautiful old ruins of Fountains Abbey, of which a glimpse is given below. Originally one of the most magnificent and important Cistercian Abbeys of Great Britain, it was founded in the first half of the twelfth century when certain monks deserted St. Mary's Abbey at York, disgusted at the irregularity and laxity of discipline. Under the protection of the Archbishop, they founded the Abbey and adopted the austere Cistercian rule. After the Dissolution, however, the property passed through various hands, and at last went to Sir Stephen Proctor, who in 1611 pulled down the Abbott's house, and with the materials built the stately mansion now known as Fountains Hall, a few yards west of the Abbey.

Within the district of Harrogate there are no fewer than eighty known medicinal springs, all perfectly natural, and always constant, so that it is not surprising that the town



The picturesque old ruins of Fountains Abbey, erected in the twelfth century under the Cistercian rule.

is famous throughout the world as a "cure" centre. As early as 1571, Sir William Slingsby, who was a well-known traveller amongst foreign spas, was attracted to the spot now known as Tewit Well, and, finding the waters quite as beneficial as abroad, he caused the fountain to be walled in and paved. His discovery was made public, and since then many remarkable cures have resulted. The Royal Baths are

(Continued overleaf.)

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As a HEALTH RESORT it is famed for its remarkably pure and bracing air, its fine shops and residences, its open spaces, parks, high-class amusements and entertainments, and last, but not least, its proximity to some of Great Britain's most famous and historic Abbeys, Castles, and Country Mansions.

As a MOTORING district it is unequalled, the wide roads, the open moors, and the exquisite beauty spots in the district provide a fresh run for almost every day for weeks.

As to the TOWN itself, nothing is wanting to minister to the needs of those who love the gaieties of life; or, on the contrary, if a quiet, restful time be needed, then Harrogate, with its open moors creeping up to the outskirts of the town, will provide the mental rest and physical well-being needed by the seeker after health and peace.

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W. G. ALLEN & SON
6 Prospect Crescent, Harrogate

AN ENGLISH SPA: HARROGATE.

(Continued from Page 1064.)

magnificent, furnished with every possible luxury and maintained on a scale fully equal to the Continental resorts. More than a hundred different modes of medicinal treatment are available there. The building has primarily two divisions, one for water-drinkers and one for bathers. The first consists of a pump-room with a counter for the distribution of the water in the ordinary way, and a comfortable and well-arranged Winter Garden. Water-drinkers may here take the necessary exercise in all weathers, and public entertainments are given from time to time. In the near vicinity are the Victoria Public Baths, the Royal Pump Room, and other centres of healing waters.

Harrogate is half-way to Scotland, and many travellers, our American cousins especially, stop their journey here. One of the first places they visit is the famous old English house of Court jewellers known all over the world as "Ogden's of Harrogate." In their spacious salons are to be found wonderful collections of old English plate and beautiful pearls worth fabulous sums. Only recently they disposed of a necklace for £50,000, a flawless specimen. The same firm have instituted a splendid "pearl service," which is a real boon. They re-string, clean, and keep in perfect order the pearls of their clients free of charge. It is this excellent idea which has helped to forge and to sustain the strong link which has made Ogden's famous amongst so many throughout the world.

Occupying such an important position as a health and amusement resort, naturally the town has many luxurious hotels. The Grand occupies a fine position, standing high within its own grounds, overlooking the valley gardens. It has been remodelled and redecorated, and the private suites and bed-rooms are equipped with every luxury. The entry hall and lounge, carpeted with Chinese rugs, has exquisitely marbled pillars, the colouring of green malachite,

and the ball-room is lit softly by hidden lights overhung with sprays of crystal flowers. Non-residents may enjoy an excellent dinner, and a Saturday-night dance, for the moderate sum of 10s. 6d., cuisine, orchestra, and floor being really excellent.

The Majestic is another beautiful hotel at Harrogate, standing in the midst of its own ten acres of ground



THE COMFORTABLE TERRACE OF THE GRAND HOTEL, HARROGATE, WHICH IS EQUIPPED WITH EVERY LUXURY, BOTH INSIDE AND OUT.

and overlooking the Royal Baths and Wells. There is a beautiful Winter Garden, where, if the weather is wet, you may still enjoy music and lovely surroundings. The cuisine and service have an enviable reputation, and several "En-Tout-Cas" tennis-courts are an added attraction. Cars may be hired from the large hotel garage.

There is a fashionable rendezvous where everyone meets friends at least once a day, and that is Betty's Café, in Cambridge Crescent. The ground floor is

devoted to the confectionery salon, where "Betty's" celebrated pastries and sweets are to be found, delicacies which are sent to every part of the country. On the first and second floors are the cafés, artistically decorated in soft, soothing colour schemes, and enlivened by a discreet orchestra.

A long-felt need which is lacking in so many places is amply satisfied by the large Central Garage, Albert Street, which, as its name implies, is situated right in the centre of the town. It is a well-equipped garage with a capacity for fifty cars, and private lock-ups, with separate access to a side street. The repair department runs on oiled wheels, and carries out all jobs quickly and efficiently. Recently, still larger premises, within five minutes' walk, have been added, fitted with the latest machinery and plant, including wood-working machinery and cellulose-spraying plant.

Among the many attractive shops in Harrogate which interest the feminine visitor, the Shetland Industries, at 17, Prince's Street, is certainly an address to note. Here is to be found everything that can possibly be made of Scotch wool, knitted by the nimble fingers of the crofters in the far islands of the North. Three-piece jumper suits of pure Shetland, in natural colours, with Fair Isle borders, are obtainable for 90s., and separate jumpers, with tartan borders, can be secured for 35s. Cardigans to match are 42s. Illustrated catalogues can be obtained gratis and post free by all who apply mentioning the name of this paper.

It would be almost a crime to talk of Harrogate at any length without mentioning Farrah's famous Harrogate toffee, which is of quite historical origin. In the earliest days of Queen Victoria's reign, a tiny wooden house drew the people of rank and fashion to its doors, eager to visit "the toffee shop." Since then the shop has grown into a large factory, and every visitor to the town takes away some of this toffee as a matter of course.

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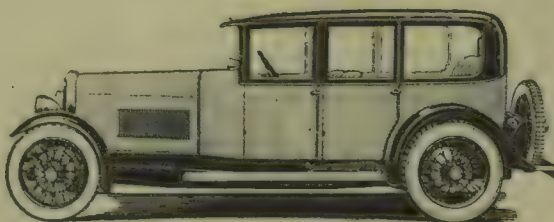
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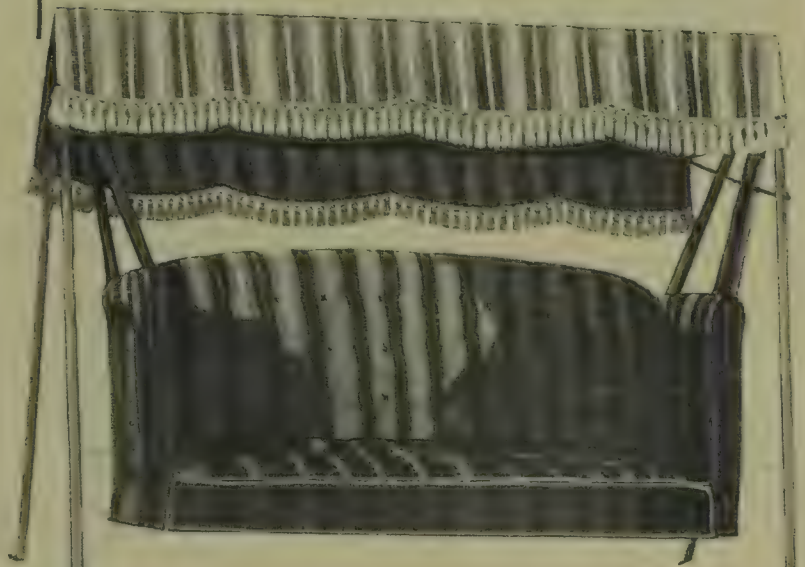


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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

THE "STRAIGHT-EIGHT" PACKARD.

THE new 40-h.p. "straight-eight" Packard is a car which is certain to interest all motorists of old standing. I suppose the name Packard is one of the three oldest in the American motor industry, ranking with some of the most famous names of England, France, Italy, and Germany. The majority of American cars which are put on the British market are comparatively recent productions, and, while most of us are familiar with the general design and performance of these, we get few opportunities of noting the progress of the older firms. Another reason why the Packard is an interesting machine is because it has a thoroughly successful "straight-eight" engine. Motors of this kind are anything but easy to build, and the path of the designer is strewn with all kinds of difficulties which do not worry the man who is making a four or a six cylinder. Theoretically, I suppose, eight cylinders provide the nearest approach to faultless motive power. The seriousness of those difficulties may be judged by the fewness of the factories which venture to turn out this type. I think England has one, France two, so far as I know, Italy one, and Germany none. America has at least nine represented in this country alone.

The bore and stroke of this engine are 89 by 127, which implies an R.A.C. horse-power tax of £40. It is a really clean and well-finished piece of work, especially so for a Transatlantic unit. The interesting point about it is that only a single carburettor is fitted. When you consider the common practice of fitting a six-cylinder engine, and even in some cases a four-cylinder engine, with two, in order to ensure perfect distribution of the mixture, one only for eight cylinders argues a high measure of success either in inlet design or in carburation, or more probably in both. The usual three-speed gear-box with central control carries the power from the engine to the

back axle, and in general the design throughout is on accepted lines. The valves are of the lateral type, and the ignition is by battery and distributor, as is usually the case with American cars. The crankshaft is supported in nine bearings, and is of the balanced type. A thermostat controls the temperature of the cooling water, which is circulated by pump, and a six-bladed fan is fitted. The horse-power developed is stated to be over 105.

A centralised system of lubrication is employed

to the car I tried. This consists of a foot, one on each side of the car, which is wound down to the ground by means of a handle under the running-boards, upon which two wheels at a time can be raised to a considerable height from the ground. In order to prevent the springs from opening too far under the weight of the chassis (the jacks are fitted to the frame), simple hooks have been arranged which are clipped under the springs before the jack is put into use, thus ensuring their being held in a normal position. On the road I found that the chief impression left by the behaviour of the Packard was its extreme docility. This overworked word is to include quite unusual smoothness of running, in addition to swift acceleration and general flexibility. The Packard has a quality which is rather rare in cars of this size—its wheel-base is something like 11 ft. 9 in.—in that its liveliness is so pronounced that you find it difficult to realise that you are driving a very big and heavy motor car. There were moments during the trial when it was only the evidence of the immense stretch of bonnet which persuaded me that I was not driving a particularly well-mannered, noiseless sports two-litre. It is a car in which you can cheerfully face a really long day's drive over any sort of country. With all that horse-power it was to be expected that little sense of effort would be discernible, but the willingness of this engine, and the light way in which it does its impressive work, is decidedly remarkable.



OUR "CAR OF THE WEEK": THE PACKARD "STRAIGHT EIGHT" SEVEN-SEATER LIMOUSINE.

which I thought certainly one of the best schemes I have ever come across. Some thirty points throughout the chassis are lubricated at one shot, as it were. That is to say, an oil-tank from which oil is pumped by a plunger, conveniently situated by the side of the driver, keeps a constant supply of oil running to these points. Suspension is by half-elliptics, back and front, supplemented by shock-absorbers. The Stevenson jacking system was fitted

know what its maximum speed is, but its natural cruising speed is something like fifty-five miles an hour, and it reaches seventy miles an hour with a heavy saloon body in a way which persuaded me that its best figure was, anyhow, seventy-five. On top gear it will exhibit the now fashionable crawling qualities, and will get away from four or five miles an hour on the same gear in a very elastic and pleasing manner. Gear-change is agreeably easy, and

[Continued overleaf.]



"But here's to the man who is pleased with his lot,
Who never sits sighing for what he has not . . .

From Squire Bantam's
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HAPPY MAN! In his wisdom, knowing he can have but little, he ensures contentment from its quality. It would be but foolish to sigh, since no wealth could purchase anything better. For the nonce, with his Schweppes Cider before him he is the equal of kings.

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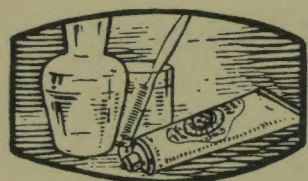
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(Continued.)

there is no excuse for making any noise shifting either up or down; but I do not care for the ratios. Top speed is 4'6 to 1, and the second over 9 to 1. Both of these, I think, are too low for the power of the car, and certainly there is too great an interval between



A 16-50-H.P. COACH-BUILT SALOON ROVER PRICED AT £625: THE CAR AT IMPNEY, NEAR DROITWICH, OUTSIDE THE ONE-TIME HOME OF THE "BRINE KING."

the two. The four-wheel brake set is a particularly good one, its action being unusually progressive and consistent, a feature which is less common than is generally believed. The springing is good, but there is room for improvement in the front pair. Steering and road-holding alike are excellent, and as I said, speaking in general, this big motor-car is very docile. The coachwork of the saloon I tried is of a high order, as it should be, considering that the price of the chassis is £1050 and of the complete car £1595. A very interesting product of a historic American firm.

JOHN PRIOLEAU.

On a secluded tongue of land between Bournemouth Bay, Studland Bay, and the Dorset Lakes stands a really attractive hotel, the Haven, at Sandbanks. Sea baths, a marine view from practically every bedroom, and a delightful room for dinner dances overlooking the sea, are a few of its attractions, but the chief feature is its cellar. It contains red and white wines in great variety, champagnes and clarets, 1921 hocks, and old port of very rare vintages.

OSBERT SITWELL ON AMERICA.—III.

(Continued from Page 1036.)

photographs of it are apt to have the same qualities to be found in modern paintings. But there are other disappointments. To begin with, the well-to-do New Yorker, who would be a Cræsus of a European, is forced by circumstances of space and rental and absence of servants to live in a flat interchangeable with any other flat in the city. All these apartments are indistinguishable from one another. The lines of them are long and low and lithe, like those of a ship's cabin—for countless floors have to be fitted into the building to make it pay its way. Somehow or other these rooms do not belong to domestic architecture, nor are they anything new, or comparable to the exterior architecture. And then, just as Europe started the idea of money and industrialism, and America overdeveloped it, so any European craze in decoration is seized on and overdone. Thus it is difficult to enter an American drawing-room of this sort without being appalled at the number of old atlases torn out of their bindings and clambering over

wall and mantelpiece, or being made almost sea-sick by the fleets of faked model ships that sail over floor, table, and even cornice.

Then, too, one had heard Americans criticising the cleanliness of Naples, Palermo, Paris, even London, and it was with a real shock that one realised that New York is, as regards its streets, the dirtiest and untidiest town one has ever seen. This, I am told, is a development of the last few years. The chief park, Central Park, is a welter of rubbish, a litter of paper, a waste of rock, a forest of torn and broken trees. Only a very rich country can afford to be so untidy, as only a very great gentleman can afford to wear patched clothes.

At dusk the magic of New York is indescribable. Every house

becomes beautiful. The least interesting residential skyscrapers, along Park Avenue, become beautiful. Under the strong daylight, these have sometimes an unfortunate similarity to egg-boxes placed on their ends, with each compartment as a window. But directly dusk falls, they are transformed into golden hives of busy insects, and the cubes of light pile upward toward the towers, illuminated at the top, and glowing like the spikes of some radiant yellow blossom.

OSBERT SITWELL.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC.—(Continued from Page 1062.)

the same orgy of voluptuousness, the same sensuous excitability to physical impressions, the same froth of sound. Yes, the best description of "Parsifal" is a "froth of sound"—mere empty foam in which there is no intellectual content, no core of idea, no chastity or sobriety of form. If we want religious music we must look elsewhere for it. We shall find it in Bach's B minor Mass and in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, but we shall never find it in "Parsifal." And I cannot but believe that people will come to see this more and more clearly as they become familiar with this opera. For, although in "Parsifal" Wagner still shows the virtuosity and invention and imagination which were real qualities of his and constituted what we call his genius, he shows even more plainly his fundamental feelings, his attitude towards life, and the nature of his impulses and desires. And these are far from being of a fine quality. W. J. TURNER.



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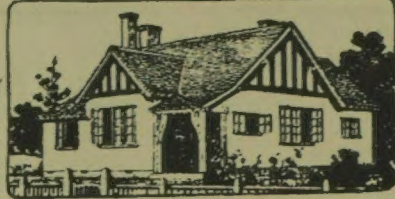
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